Canadian Illustrated News

VOL. XXIII.—No. 4. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1881. { SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

TO SCHOOL AGAIN.—BLACKBOARD STUDIES FOR THE NEW TERM.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: $4.00 per annum in advance, $4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE,

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

January 16th, 1881.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Corresponding week, 1880.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	20°	— 4°	8°	Mon..	37°	24°	30°5
Tues.	23°	10°	16°5	Tues.	35°	5°	20°
Wed..	20°	— 4°	8°	Wed.	38°	20°	29°
Thur.	10°	—10°	zero	Thur..	29°	8°	18°5
Fri. .	26°	— 4°	11°	Fri...	26°	4°	15°
Sat....	34°	5°	19°5	Sat...	32°	23°	27°5
Sun...	5°	—14°	— 4°5	Sun..	35°	8°	21°5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 22, 1881.

THE WEEK.

WHILE we in Canada have been making little of our native prophet, "VENNOR'S weather," we are told has passed into a proverb in the States. Truly a prophet is not without honour save in his own country.

THE Province of Quebec has reason to mourn the loss of a prominent lawyer and a courteous gentleman in the death of CHRISTOPHER DUNKIN. Though of late years he led a retired life, it was only in the enjoyment of a well-earned repose after an active and useful career devoted to the good of his country. We have been obliged to delay the production of his portrait till our next issue when we shall also give a more detailed account of his life. These few lines are only *in memoriam*.

IN the midst of much discussion and argument as to their place in creation, the women of to-day are taking a position to which no exception can be made in the ranks of literature. Amongst the publications of the new year, by no means the least noteworthy are the recently published works of such ladies as Mrs. STOWE, Mrs. MORTON DIAZ, Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS, and Miss LUCY LARCOM, while on our table this week lie two small, yet by no means unimportant, contributions of the fair sex to our own literature.

To those who have known something of the normal state of London society in past years the news will be strange that society year by year goes less out of town. The dingy metropolis is beginning to have the same attraction for its children as Paris for the true Parisian who is happy nowhere else. Many reasons are suggested for the change, but the chief of them is to be found, we believe, in the growing passion for news, and the reluctance to be out of reach of it. To get our *Times* a day late is an infliction which we of to-day cannot submit to, whose grandfathers waited with far greater equanimity for their weekly news-letter, delayed perhaps a fortnight in transmission.

THE tender reminiscences of our youth which linger yet around the historical name of JACK SHEPPARD have received a rude blow. The ruthless hand of modern civilization has swept away the houses in Wych street so well known to the readers of Mr. AINSWORTH'S novel. The carpenter's shop, the beam on which the youthful aspirant to fame carved his immortal name, the old Lion Inn where Jack and his friends were wont to hold high carnival; all are gone. The church in which he committed his first robbery alone remains, a memorial of his greatness, noteworthy too to meaner souls as the last resting-place of PHILIP MASSINGER.

A MORE alarming prophet than Mother SHIPTON has appeared in the person of Mr. PROCTOR of "popular scientific" renown. The end of the world, or what amounts to the end of the world as far as we are concerned, is, it seems, dependent on the caprice of a comet, which has, very inconsiderately, returned before its time, and which, in Mr. PROCTOR'S opinion, is "getting up steam," for a final plunge into the sun. We should have ignorantly supposed, some of us, that this was a matter which concerned our great luminary rather than ourselves, but it seems we should be wrong. Mr. PROCTOR calculates confidently that in his annoyance at so unjustifiable an intrusion, Phœbus Apollo will treat us to such an outburst of fiery indignation as will effectually cook not only our goose but ourselves.

THERE may be some husbands to whom the disappearance of a wife would cause but little perturbation; but even such a one would probably be a little more than astonished should the disappearance take place down the throat of a monster serpent. Yet this, according to the *Straits Times*, is an experience which nearly befel a certain Malay, Awakened from sleep by his spouse's cries, he sprang up to find his better half *en route* for the digestive regions of an enormous python who had invaded the sanctity of the nuptial chamber in search of his supper. Believing that exchange is no robbery the Malay adroitly substituted two large sand bags for his consort, an exchange which the python somewhat unwisely accepted. The bags, however, apparently did not taste as well as he anticipated, and he attempted to take it out on the Malay. This prudent gentleman, however, had by this time possessed himself of his parang and was all ready for the serpent, who, after a spirited skirmish, retired to die of his wounds in the garden. The Malay was somewhat consoled for the disturbance of his night's rest and the recovery of his wife by the sixty dollars for which he sold the skin to an enterprising neighbour.

Two notable revolutionists have breathed their last within the past few weeks. With BLANQUI has come to an end a life that was one continued struggle against the powers that be. Amongst the official list of ruling members of the Paris Commune appears after the name of BLANQUI the annotation *détenu*. "The word," says the *London Daily News*, might be taken as a condensed history of the greater part of that strange and turbulent life." For more than forty years BLANQUI had been at war with the Government of his day, be it what it might, and when at last his party for the moment was victorious and he became a member of a Government himself, it was his lot to be marked *détenu* still. The recent amnesty set him free after he had been elected to the Chamber while yet in prison. He was for a short time the leading figure in Paris after the fall of the Empire, but the New Revolutionary Government brought him to the ground with its own fall, and after Gen. TROCHU and his Bretons had scattered his party in a few hours, BLANQUI was a *détenu* once more, to whose release M. THIERS was violently opposed. His life was a curious instance of that perverse antagonism to existing institutions which prompted the Irishman's answer to one who questioned him as to the way he intended to vote: "I don't know bedad, but agin the Gouvernment anyway."

A MAN of more solid worth, if not of the same ephemeral reputation has passed away almost simultaneously. The father of the German Revolution, as he has been called, Dr. ARNOLD RUGE was at the same time one of the most remarkable of English political exiles. Dr. RUGE suffered a long term of imprisonment in early life for his connection with the *Tugendbund*, the German student's secret political society. The literary world was however the gainer by his detention, for while in captivity he courted the Muse, and composed a patriotic drama of some merit besides a translation of the "Edipus Colonus." After his release he devoted himself mainly to Radical journalism, and after the suspension of the *Hallischen Jahrbücher*, in 1843, he went to France for a time, returning however to Leipsic to start a new Radical paper *The Reform*. His revolutionary tendencies got him into trouble in 1850, and he had to fly to England, where, until his death, he followed his literary pursuits, being principally engaged in the translation of standard English and French authors. A frequent contributor to London journals on all questions connected with the revolutionary movements he had fathered, he died as he lived a staunch Republican and a bitter enemy to conventionality. The latter phase of his character he emphasized by the expressed desire that none of his family should wear mourning for him.

A CURIOUS alliance between two apparently incompatible objects has been placed on record by the Paris Municipal Council. There does not at first sight seem to be much in common between horse-racing and evolution, yet on a proposal of the committee of that august body to stop the annual subscription of 50,000 francs, given towards the Grand Prix de Paris a supporter of the turf proposed a remarkable resolution which averred that "horse-racing serves for the evolution of the equine race," and, pointing out to the Council the scientific value of Mr. DARWIN'S theory, declared that the Paris Municipal Council could not remain "a stranger to the study of so serious a scientific problem," and that the subscription was accordingly a *sine quâ non*. In the end the curious ingenuity of the mover of the resolution won a triumph for this novel alliance.

CHIEF-JUSTICE MAY has laid himself open to much unpleasant criticism by the elaborate defence of the expressions used by him with reference to the trial of the Home Rulers. His withdrawal from the bench and refusal to take any part in the trial was perhaps the most eligible course to pursue, in view of the strong comments which had been made upon the matter; but we question whether the Chief-Justice was not unwise in giving his reasons at such length and even committing them to writing, thus as it were acknowledging himself to be in a certain sense on his trial at the bar of public opinion. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse* is a proverb which his enemies, as might be expected, are not slow to quote against him; and it seems most unfortunate that the Lord Chief-Justice has placed it in the power of the popular party in Ireland to assert that their accusations of partiality were not wholly without foundation.

THE "FINANCIAL EDUCATION" OF WOMEN.

The masculine world has been racked of late by the breaking of a financial bubble in Boston. It is not, of course, that misplaced confidence and culpable gullibility have never before fallen victim to fraudulent schemers, for "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," and those who most loudly bewail this latest development can hardly have escaped in person some experience of pecuniary loss from such sources, to say nothing of the "countless thousands" of sufferers with their knowledge. In this case the special sting seems to be that the fraud emanated from and entrapped women. It is to be hoped that this legitimate, if somewhat disproportioned, horror will work reform of a pestilent evil in our households. The Nation, in one of the best articles called forth by the Boston catastrophe, makes the schools responsible for the ignorance of those recent sufferers. This is just, so far as the schools go or can be made to go, but is there not back of the schools a certain responsibility so inwrought with the very essence of paternity that it can never be righteously cast off upon our teachers, or clergymen, or statesmen?

In this matter of "financial education" (as in those other weighty matters of morals and manners which we are glad to see begin to insist on their rightful place in the curriculum of our schools) the uttermost that can be done by the most skillful teacher will be disappointing in its results unless backed and supplemented by home-teaching and home-practice. How our common schools with their twenty minutes' recitations, can meet the obvious deficiencies of our common homes, in these particulars, it is not easy although an indispensable question for decision in this our day. Many a boy and girl recites glibly in the school-room not alone the essentials of grammar, but its most eccentric vagaries who at home uniformly doubles negatives and divorces substantive and verb. Perhaps nothing short of genius in the teacher and special inspiration in the pupil can suffice to reveal to a child who hears only incorrect and rude speech at home that the rules of his grammar and rhetoric have the remotest connection with the language of his own daily life; and it would be passing strange if a similar obtuseness as to the practical application of manuals of morals, manners, and finance should not prevail were these to be added to the list of text-books. But it is in behalf of the better half of our households that this plan is offered,—better in wealth and intelligence and moral sense.

"I am amazed at the presumption of parents," cried the principal of a famous young ladies' boarding-school. They send me their children again and again with the cool demand, Make my daughter orderly,' or 'truthful,' or 'gentle;' requiring from me during six months or a year of less intimate association and hampered opportunity what they have failed to accomplish for her in sixteen years or more of closest contact, and with every advantage of supreme authority and interest!"

But confining ourselves to the subject of financial education among our better families, where can it be so safely and thoroughly taught as at home and by the father, who, either as the custodian of inherited wealth, or the alert maker of his own fortune, has hourly opportunity not only to instruct theoretically, but also to point the moral and adorn the tale? It will require thoughtfulness and long patience to impart trustworthy theories, and much anxiety and occasional loss in subjecting them to the test of illustrative experiment, but surely the result will more than justify the outlay. It is easier for the husband and father not only to withhold this effort, but to confide all his business affairs solely to the grim silence of his safe and bank-book, and to lavish or dole (according to his natural disposition or passing mood) money for family bills without any word of instruction therewith; but he often purchases with this momentary ease to himself sad complications for his unenlightened family after his death if not for himself through their ignorance beforehand. A man has no right to bring into such a world as this, and leave behind him when his own life ends, beings to whom money will be a necessity, without doing his uttermost to assure to them not only a competence, but the requisite knowledge and practice to keep and expend it wisely. Yet from thoughtlessness, misapprehension, or deliberate design the majority of men act all their lives on the plan of concealing from wife and children their true financial condition, and cherishing ignorance of money matters in these limp dependents, as if that very ignorance were the Palladium of their safety!

Surely a man should not dare to make any woman his wife and the mother and trainer of his children who, though she may come to him ignorant through her parents' neglect, has not sufficient capacity to receive and profitably exercise his wise instructions in regard to the intrinsic value and proper use of money. If she be too dull or too treacherous to share his confidence in pecuniary affairs, alas for him and for those who shall be born of them in every graver concern of their joint lives!—

> "What boots it at one gate to make defence
> And at another to let in the foe?"

But not a few men who would not think of affirming that "a mare could not be taught to pace," and do not really doubt woman's capacity and loyalty, yet act as if they so doubted in money matters at least. Their own families know less than the merest acquaintance of the amount and disposition of their property until death or financial ruin reveals all the past, and thrusts upon wife and child frightful, because unfamiliar, duties in the present and dread responsibilities for the future, for all of which they are utterly unfitted by previous education and habit. Not seldom in these last years of multiplied bankruptcy and defalcation has the bitter cry been wrung from the women of the stricken household, "If I had only known that we were living beyond our rightful income!" and again and again have these women, who were not trusted nor instructed financially in prosperity, taught themselves speedily, in adversity, lessons of thrift and the wise exercise of talents which if earlier learned and employed might have saved husbands and homes.

Sometimes through arbitrariness,—the determination to keep the reins of power in his own hands,—but oftener through mere short-sighted-

ness and thoughtlessness, the majority of well-to-do men seem to go on through life ridiculing the stupidity and recklessness of women in business concerns, and yet never vouchsafing the least effort to make the women of their own households otherwise minded in these vital particulars, Suddenly death or hopeless insanity snatches the head of the family away, and the wife whom he had never allowed the least independent action in the investment or expenditure of funds, nor taught even how to draw a cheek or balance accounts, has thrust upon her at a time when she is bewildered and broken by the loss of her husband, the entire burden of his property and liabilities. It seems at best a cruel kindness for one deliberately to make his wife executrix of property in regard to which, during their long life together, he has not made her the intelligent confidant and well-advised partner.

If your wife is incapable or incorrigible in money matters, it may or it may not be your fault, but you cannot shirk the responsibility of your children's education to better opinions and practice. Better for your beloved daughter will it be to learn (even at the cost of some fortune and comfort on your part, and of much blundering and loss on hers), by practice under your watchful eye, how to expend a fixed income, with wise adjustment of all claims, personal, social, and charitable, than to let her go blindly on into a far more lavish inheritance without such instruction and practice. Let our schools teach the forms and minute technicalities of finance as indispensably as the multiplication table, but let every able and loving father make sure as the prosperous days go on, that his heirs thoroughly understand this wisdom of the schools, and most of all his own object-teaching at home.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

CONTINUATION OF PACIFIC RAILWAY DEBATE—A DIVISION—GREAT STRENGTH OF THE GOVERNMENT—THE SENATE SCENES—NEW SYNDICATE, &C.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

OTTAWA, January 15th, 1881.

The one question that has been continuously before Parliament during the week is again the Pacific Railway; Sir John Macdonald's resolution having precluded all other business. The transcendent importance of this question for the Dominion, and the further great importance of early decision, which was the reason why Parliament was called together so early in December, are ample justification of this order of the House at the instance of the Government. The debate itself has, in many senses, become wearisome from the reiteration of arguments; and the determined persistence of the Opposition exhibits signs of obstructiveness. The resolutions were passed through the Committee on Wednesday night; but this was only to have the struggle again renewed with the Speaker in the chair.

There was an Opposition caucus, and it was pointed out by Mr. Coursol that *L'Electeur*, one of the Opposition organs, had announced that the policy decided upon at this caucus was obstruction in detail. Mr. Blake, however, promptly denied the truth of this. Of course one cannot question so authoritative a denial; but the circumstances are very suspicious, and one is curious to learn what was resolved in the face of what is taking place.

Mr. Mackenzie made his speech on the last day of the Committee and explained that indisposition had prevented his speaking earlier. His speech certainly exhibited great faithfulness to his party; a faithfulness as remarkable as his party's unfaithfulness to him. He complained, but that was hardly fair, that the arguments of the Ministerialists had been remarkable not for the discussion of the contract itself, but for making comparisons, the fidelity of which he could not recognize, with his own Pacific Railway Act of 1874. That Act, he intimated, would not have been passed if the country and Parliament had not been committed to a through Pacific Railway policy by the party led by Sir John Macdonald. He concluded, therefore, that that party was quite as much responsible for that Act as he was. But he did not, and could not, deny his own responsibility. That responsibility involves the broad fact of the pledging of the present Opposition party, led by Mr. Blake, as well as the Ministerial party, to the policy of a through Pacific Railway and building it by a company.

Mr. Mackenzie criticised many of the features of the present arrangement; he pointed out with clearness and force the exceptions which may be taken to the exemption and one or two other features of the contract, and, summing up, he denounced the scheme *in toto*. He expressed an opinion that the Sault connection would be sufficient for the present, and, therefore, the Lake Superior section was not at present needed.

Mr. Dawson, from Algoma, whose acquaintance with all that region of country is undoubtedly greater than that of any other man in the House, and whose carefulness and independence in the expression of his opinions always command respect, followed Mr. Mackenzie. He stated that the country north of Lake Superior was altogether better than had been represented, and he showed that the opening of it up by means of a railway, was, in itself, an important consideration for the prosperity of Canada. He further showed that the "Sault line," as it is called, round the south side of Lake Superior, would be longer by 70 or 80 miles, owing to the formation of the country, than was supposed; and, further, that the building or non-building of this line was something which did not depend upon the Canadian Government; that depends upon American interests, and we need not unnecessarily fret ourselves about it. There was a great deal of good sense in these few remarks of Mr. Dawson, worth reams of the verbiage we have had.

Mr. Alonzo Wright made a somewhat curious speech from the Conservative side, and he is among the most faithful of the faithful. He said plainly that at first he was altogether opposed to the arrangement made by the Government, but had come, upon careful examination, to find that it was the absolutely best arrangement that could be made if this work was to be done by a company. That, of course, quite settled his decision to support it, and the reason was certainly adequate; but he added that this measure would sacrifice the Conservative party. That, certainly, would be a very curious effect of the best arrangement that could be made, all parties being committed to having the work done by a company. To explain this apparent inconsistency, Mr. Wright pointed out that the members of the Syndicate were not Conservatives, but Liberals, a fact which certainly shows the magnanimity of the Conservative leader.

I must again explain that it is quite impossible for me to attempt a recapitulation, or even give a notice, of all the speeches; and I am, besides, afraid you would find so much reiteration wearisome. The division reporting the resolutions was reached at about one o'clock a.m.

Sir Charles Tupper laid on the table a letter signed by Messrs. McIntyre, Kennedy and Angers, "on behalf of the Pacific Railway Syndicate," to the effect that they were prepared to agree that the description of the standard shall be considered to be the Union Pacific Railway as it was in February, 1873. They added that they had no hesitation in agreeing to this, as it was obvious their own interests would lead them to construct the railway, in a substantial manner, with steel rails and a sufficient equipment; their reason for desiring a standard to be adopted being in no degree to enable them to construct an inferior railway, but merely to protect them from captious and arbitrary criticism.

On Thursday, Mr. White, of Cardwell, moved his resolution relative to certain emigration returns, when Sir John Macdonald moved in amendment that the House should at once proceed to the Government Order of the Day. He explained that the reason of this amendment was, that very grave public interests, having reference to the settlement of the immigration policy, rendered early decision desirable.

Mr. Blake rose in a towering rage, and protested against this amendment, intimating that it should be withdrawn, and threatening, if it were not, there would not be much progress made in the debate.

Sir John Macdonald answered with very great firmness that the concluding words of Mr. Blake's speech, quite precluded any possibility of the amendment being withdrawn. He stated that the policy of obstruction would not be allowed to prevail here any more than it was in England, where Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal leader, had found it necessary to put his foot down on it. From this starting point, the House went into a wrangling debate which lasted from the hour of opening until the adjournment at 1 25 Friday morning, when the first division in which the yeas and nays were taken, showing the strength, took place. The vote was taken on a motion to adjourn, which the Ministers opposed, the divisions being yeas 49, nays 132. These figures show the commanding strength of the Ministerial position.

There were several curious points in the discussion which preceded this vote. One was that Mr. Anglin, the late Speaker, read from May an extract to prove the amendment of Sir John out of order. Sir John told him, if he had read a little further he might have saved himself the trouble of his motion. Sir John read for him, and Mr. Anglin confessed that his edition of May was evidently not the latest. He withdrew his point of order. Mr. Boultbee made the House a little lively by describing the way in which he had been treated at the Blake meeting in Toronto. He said discussion was there prevented until after the resolutions were passed, charging Mr. Blake with not having the manliness to meet it before. Of course, we all know, as Mr. Blake himself at another moment intimated, that he did not fear discussion; but then it may sometimes be awkward. There was a good deal of mere talk and many taunts respecting party discipline and the party lash were thrown about the House on both sides; all of which, however, might have been saved, as there is very little difference between the two sides in this respect.

Mr. Ryan, the member for Montreal, referred to the meeting of the Montreal Corn Exchange, which passed a resolution adverse to the contract. He said, out of 400 members, only 69 were present, and, even then, the adverse majority was very small. Per contra, he pointed out that a similar resolution proposed at a meeting of the Montreal Board of Trade, had to be withdrawn, so great was the majority against it. Referring to the new Syndicate, of which there has been some talk, he said it was very remarkable those patriotic gentlemen who appeared to be so ready to come down with their capital, allowed Mr. Mackenzie's far more advantageous terms to remain hung up for so many years, and now only came down when they found the Government had made arrangements with other men to do the work.

As respects this New Syndicate, it is notable that Mr. J. G. Ross, whose name had been used, publishes a letter in yesterday's *Citizen* to say that such use of his name was quite unauthorised, and that he had no connection with the proposed Syndicate. This was a pretty hard blow, as Mr. Ross, who is the President of the Quebec Bank, was one of the most important of the men named. This proposal is looked upon, on the Ministerial side, as a mere game of bluff, and up to Friday it was earnestly asserted by even the Opposition in Parliament. It is certainly a very curious proposal to make at this stage of the proceedings, and there is this to be said, that whatever may be the means or the intentions of this new Syndicate, they have not the practical experience and thorough acquaintance with the question of the men with whom the Government has actually signed a contract. I do not believe, moreover, that the road can be built on less advantageous terms than those proposed by that arrangement, my doubts are quite the other way. A proposition which comes after a contract is signed, saying that other men will do the work for three millions of dollars and three millions of acres less, is not, at the least, a very business-like proceeding.

There was another singular little incident in yesterday's proceedings. Mr. Casgrain, who was making a speech with some excitement, probably owing to many interruptions, with a huge pile of books before him to quote from, and apparently in for a long speech, left his place to get a glass of water, instead of waiting for a page to bring it to him, when a point of order was raised which cut his speech short, it having been declared that he had left the floor.

The Senate resumed its sitting on Wednesday. Sir Alex Campbell's bill for the repression of prize fights was passed after a discussion. Several other questions also came before the Senate, and Sir A. Campbell made a personal explanation. He had been charged in the Public Accounts with $183.70 for cab hire. He said this was a clerical error as $172 of this amount were for travelling expenses on public business. Perhaps this explanation was well, in view of the nature of many of our public discussions, which seem to have the effect of drawing attention from questions of great importance to petty things like this. It is not in cab hire that the public money is wasted, and even Mr. Blake will not have earned the lasting gratitude of posterity for having established that he did reduce this item in his department when he was in office. On Thursday there was a bill discussed by the Senate, introduced by Sir Alex. Campbell to grant extensions in certain exceptional cases.

On Friday it was announced in the House of Commons that the new Syndicate proposal had been forwarded to the Government. The Debate on the whole was anything but edifying, yet there were some good speeches. Sir Chas. Tupper made sharp criticisms, and Mr. White of Cardwell, even exceeded himself in ridiculing the proposition. There was a most unseemly scene between Sir C. Tupper and Sir A. Smith. The latter declared that he had been offered a seat in the Cabinet by the former, authorized by Sir John Macdonald. Sir Charles denied this, in positive terms, and used the words "gross falsehood." The particulars of what further passed are better left unrecorded. The probabilities are against Sir Albert's position, as respects the Cabinet. But he was offered and declined the Lieutenant-Governorship of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. And it is charitable to suppose there may have been misunderstanding. But as respects the proprieties of Parliament, it is a pity that even eminent men should have the endowment of so much feeling. The House sat till a very late hour. Result of the sitting—nothing.

THE MONTREAL ABATTOIR COMPANY.

By the formation of the Company and the erection of their magnificent works at Hochelaga, one of our industries—that of meat packing—will receive an impetus which will tend to make it, ere many years, one of the largest in Montreal, both for amount of capital and of labour employed.

A visit to the Company's Works, now being rapidly pushed forward, will give some idea of the extent of the operations which they intend to engage in, and a visit in May next, when everything is in full operation, will give a cause for wonder, if not enjoyment, at the triumphs of human skill in providing for the daily wants of the public in one important article of food, without the waste of one single particle of matter.

A live porker, sheep, or beeve, will then be seen to leave the pen allotted to its species where it had been calmly feeding and resting after a long railway or steamboat journey, and having received a clean "bill of health" from the Company's Inspector, Dr. McEachran, to enter a door, in the large building, opposite its pen. In a few moments it has passed through the different departments and is hanging by the heels in the "cooling room" ready to be quartered and packed for exportation, or to be exposed for sale in one of the many butchers' stalls of the city, while the refuse is converted, with almost corresponding rapidity, into tallow and manure.

To attempt a description of this busy hive of industry as it should be described, is more than the space at our disposal will admit of at the present time, and we must therefore be content with a brief description of the buildings.

Our artist has endeavoured, in addition to the view of the Company's Buildings, to indicate some of the principal plans of the industry, which, though premature perhaps, will have interest for our readers.

The Abattoir Buildings are well situated a little to the east of Colborne avenue, on the highest point of land, on the "Gale Farm property," and about two miles from the centre of the city. The grounds are about twenty-six acres in extent, conveniently situated upon wide and well Macadamised roads, two of them the property of the Company. These roads lead from all points up to the buildings, and are built under contract by Messrs. Parker & Lemay. They are first-class roads in every respect, presenting a surface of 60 feet of the finest macadam, and are situate adjacent to the line of the Q., M., O., & O. Railway, from which there is a siding into the property of the Company in rear of the cattle yards and buildings.

A reference to the general view of the buildings shows the relative position of each—the Rendering House forming a central feature, on the immediate right of which is the "Beef Slaughtering House," with its pens, cattle sheds and yards; to the right of that again the "Sheep and Calf Slaughtering Houses;" adjoining the "Rendering House" is the engine and boiler house, while on the extreme left are the large "Cooler" or Ice House and Hog Slaughtering Houses.

The Rendering House is 126 feet by 56 feet, and four stories in height. This building as well as the boiler and engine house adjoining is built entirely of brick, and has a concrete floor in the basement. Here are the "rendering tanks" and "driers." After the tanks are filled the openings are closed and the offal, etc., is cooked by steam. The contents when sufficiently cooked are dropped from the bottom of the tanks to the lower floor, when the fat is separated from the watery part and scrap, which latter are put into the driers with the blood from the slaughter houses, and the water evaporated by steam. The residuum is ground to powder, and commands a ready sale as a fertilizer.

By a system of pipes the steam and offensive gases from the "rendering tanks and driers" are passed through a condensing apparatus, where the steam becomes water, and the remaining gases are then mixed with air and by means of a blower are forced down and under the fires of the steam boilers. After being purified by fire they are finally discharged through the chimney.

"The Boiler House" is planned for six boilers, and the Engine Room for two fifty horse power engines. There will also be a powerful steam pump for throwing water. The chimney is 120 feet high, above the ground level, and consists of a central smoke flue, around which are four large shafts for ventilating the various rooms in the Rendering House.

Steam and water are important agents in the work of the Abattoir. By the former all the butchers will be furnished with hot and cold water and warm work rooms, the temperature of which can be raised as required in dressing the cattle. For this purpose the basements are kept comparatively warm. All material will be elevated by means of steam to the required room for treatment and the same power will render the tallow and offal, dry the blood, etc., into animal dust, grind, sift, and pack it into barrels, and elevate the water to the tanks in the Rendering House.

Our space does not allow of a full description of the different departments indicated on the plan, each of which contains many features of interest.

A chief feature in the arrangements is the free use of water and the consequent extreme cleanliness of the different parts of the buildings. Distributing water pipes to every department and inclosure on the premises will be laid. Hose will be kept in each room and hydrants at convenient points outside the buildings so that any and all parts of the premises can be reached with water at a moment's notice. Water will be furnished to all animals kept on the grounds and freely and constantly used in washing all the departments. The entire drainage from the buildings is carried down direct to the river through a large sewer laid by and the sole property of the Company.

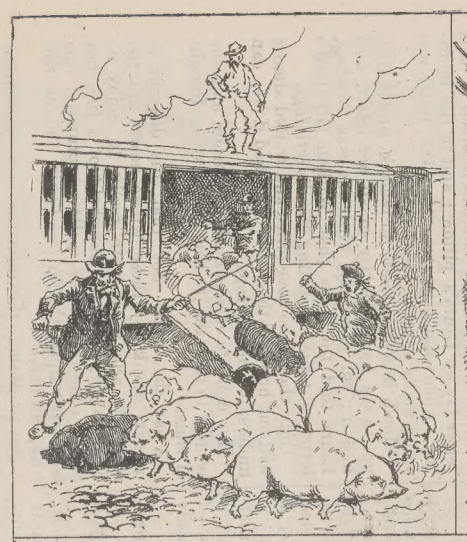
The Montreal Abattoir Company is not simply a business Corporation. It is subject to stringent regulations, instituted for the public health and convenience, and is therefore a public servant commissioned to furnish all needed facilities to those who apply for slaughtering on its premises, and further to care for the refuse and offensive products so that there shall be no nuisance resulting from the business. It looks to the hitherto useless offal, to the rendering of the coarse fat, the products of the dried blood, bone, and other refuse of the business for remuneration.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BACK TO SCHOOL AGAIN.—The holidays are over for those of us who have had the luck to have any, and we are all young and old back at school again. Do we not regret, most of us, that the old days of the rod and the blackboard are no more and long to make common cause, even with the unhappy possessor of the fool's cap who sits at the foot of our artist's sketch.

1. Decorating China. 2. Painting Pottery. 3. A Young Sculptor. 4. The Anatomical Class.

ART SCHOOL FOR WOMEN IN THE OLD FORREST MANSION, PHILADELPHIA.

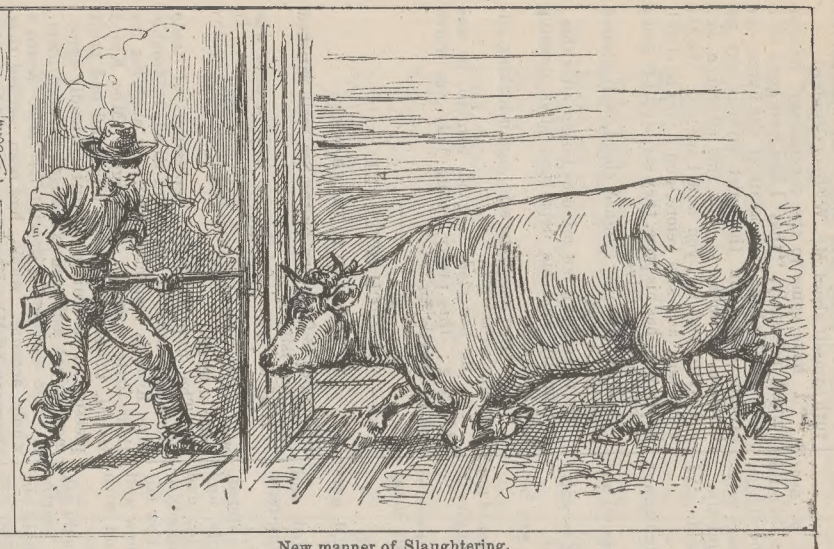


Unloading the Cars.

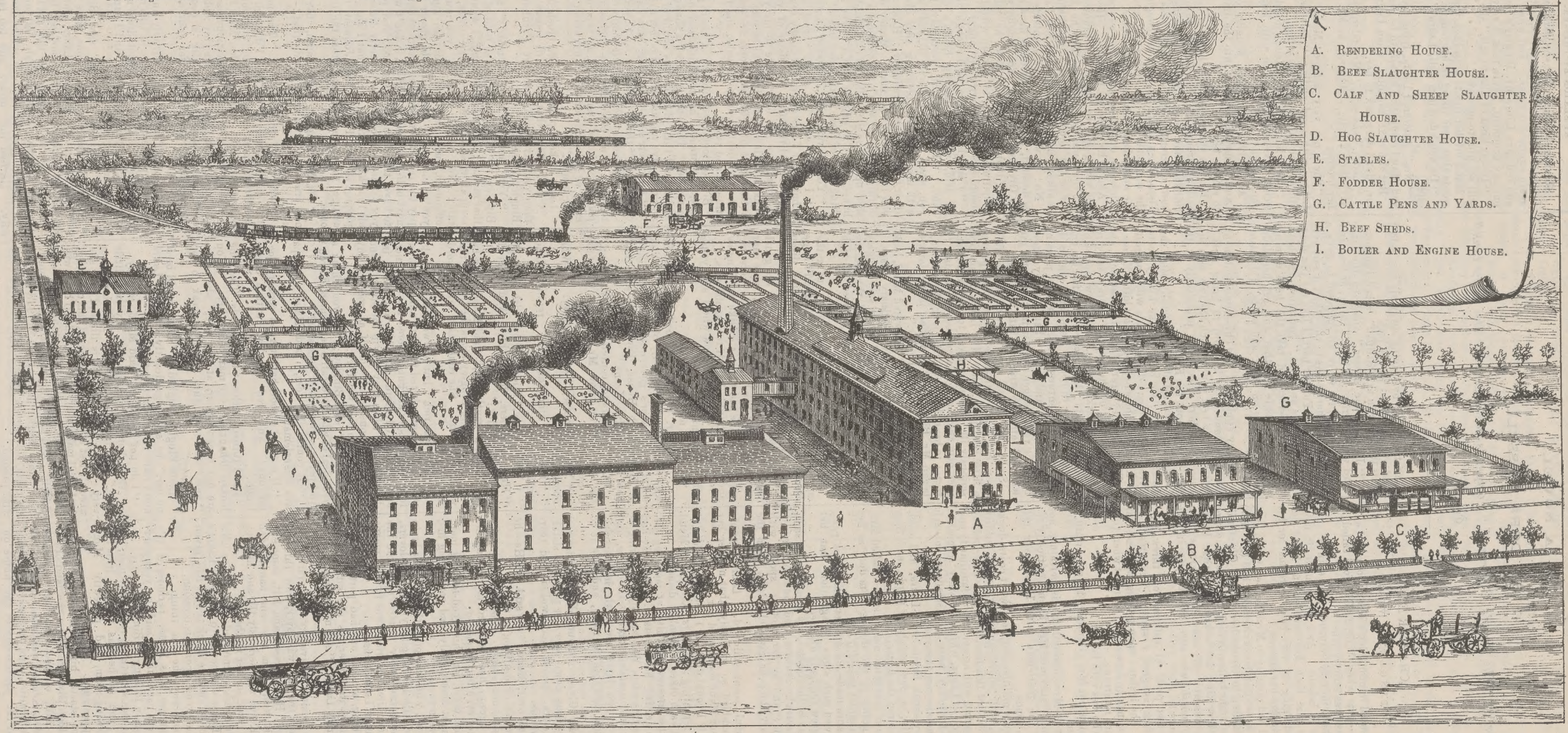
In the Refrigerator.

In the Packing Room.

In the Market.



New manner of Slaughtering.



BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS OF THE MONTREAL ABATTOIR COMPANY.—(See page 51.)

AGAINST THE LAW.

A NOVEL.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "The Vicar's Governess," "Footprints in the Snow," "The Silver Link," &c., &c

CHAPTER IX.

BINGLEY'S VISIT.

The small handmaiden's account of poor Laura Keane's state when William Glynford called at the house was strictly true.

She had, indeed, returned home in a state pitiable to behold. And what made it more sad was that both her mother and Maud had been indulging in very bright dreams for her future during her absence.

Maud had gone up to Mrs. Keane's room, and, unable to control her excitement, had (girl-like) began talking to her mother of Mr. Glynford's visit the night before, telling her how handsome he was, how kind he looked, and that Laura said he was well off; and finally, more than hinting that she was sure that he was in love with Laura!

This last piece of information threw Mrs. Keane into as great a state of excitement as Maud. She insisted upon getting up, and, for once, was neatly dressed and all right when they saw Laura returning.

But who was with her?

"That is not Mr. Glynford, I am certain," said Maud.

"If it is Mr. Glynford, he is certainly not handsome," answered Mrs. Keane, critically regarding the gentleman with Laura over the window-blinds.

She saw a middle-aged, somewhat coarse-looking man, with reddish-gray hair, and a reddish skin. She saw this middle-aged, coarse-looking man glancing with an amount of familiarity and admiration at Laura, which certainly seemed to indicate that they were not strangers to each other, and she saw them part.

Bingley shook hands with Laura, and said, apparently, a few emphatic words, and then Laura entered the house.

"Who is that gentleman, Laura?" asked Mrs. Keane, going to the dining-room door as her young daughter passed it.

But Laura made no answer. She was pale, and showed such signs of agitation that her mother grew suddenly alarmed.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she said, taking Laura by the arm, and drawing her into the room; and as her mother spoke, with a loud cry the poor girl fell down upon the floor.

A fearful scene followed. Laura's whole frame trembled so violently that neither her mother nor Maud could hold her.

"Oh, if I could die!—if I could only die!" she kept repeating; and Mrs. Keane and Maud looked at each other in absolute dismay.

With the greatest difficulty at last they succeeded in getting her up stairs. Scarcely had they done this when William Glynford's ring at the outer door sounded through the house, and a minute or two later the little handmaiden brought his card into the room, and gave it to Maud.

"It is Mr. Glynford, Laura, dear!" whispered Maud, bending down over her prostrate sister.

Then Laura opened her swollen and tear-stained eyelids.

"It is all over, Maud!" she said. "He—he never now can be anything to me!"

Maud did not speak. Poor Laura, in her hysterical agony, had betrayed more than her young sister even had suspected.

Laura had cared for this good-looking man, then, thought Maud, sadly, and something had come between them.

But Maud, who was romantic, with her brain much filled with the imaginary sorrows of lovers, which almost invariably cleared up before the end of their life histories, was by no means hopeless about Laura's case.

"Something, or some one had parted them," decided the young sister, as she sat watching poor, suffering Laura. "All may come right in the end."

Another visitor arrived, and inquired for Laura, before the day was over, and this was Mr. Bingley. He expressed, and felt, some sorrow when he heard from the same handmaiden that Miss Keane was seriously ill, and he then asked if he could see her mother.

The little maiden demurred. Alas! by this time Mrs. Keane was not fit to be seen. Laura's sudden illness, and the shock that it had given her, was the excuse upon this occasion.

But it was always the same thing.

"You can see Miss Maud, perhaps, if it's anything very particular," said the young servant, dubiously looking at Bingley.

"Yes; it was something very particular," he answered; and so he was ushered into the shabby drawing-room, and presently Maud made her appearance.

It did not startle him. He had heard, as well as William Glynford, from the landlord of the village inn, of the "poor bit deformed lassie," of Mrs. Keane's weakness, of their debts and their difficulties, and of how Miss Laura had only got the bailiffs out of the house on Christmas Eve by paying away all her salary and giving a bond for the rest.

"Who put in the bailiffs?" asked Bingley.

"Johnson, the grocer," answered the landlord with alacrity; "and, I think, at that time of the year, when we're all supposed to have a little bit of charity one to the other, it said very little for him. For my part, I like my just debts paid as well as any man," continued the landlord; "but before I'd take the hard earnings of a young lassie like that, and get her pledge to pay the rest on black and white, I'd eat my shoes!"

Bingley applauded this chivalrous sentiment, and commanded the landlord to bring forth a bottle of the best wine, which the two men discussed together, discoursing principally at the same time about the Keanes.

Bingley knew all about the family after that bottle of wine; knew about the kindly doctor dying broken-hearted, seeing his wife's maudlin looks during the whole of his last bitter illness.

What Bingley heard from the landlord also convinced him of the truth of Laura's story regarding the marked notes. He knew now why the girl had paid them away even after his emphatic warning to her at Farnhame not to do so. She had ventured under cruelly pressing circumstances; and now, when Bingley knew, he felt a yet stronger interest in the pretty girl who had fallen so strangely into his power.

So he went to call upon her during the afternoon, and heard with some sorrow, perhaps even a little contrition, that Miss Laura Keane was seriously ill. Then he asked to see Maud, and presently the poor girl appeared before him. "I regret to hear that your sister is ill, Miss Maud," began Mr. Bingley. "I wished particularly to see her; but I suppose I can't."

"No, sir, you cannot," answered Maud, looking distastefully at Bingley's ordinary visage.

"Very sorry she is ill," again said Bingley. "hope it's nothing serious. Had the pleasure of seeing her this morning. Seemed all right then."

Bingley jerked these sentences out rather nervously. He was conscious that Maud's large, thoughtful eyes were fixed upon him disapprovingly.

Maud had not Laura's gentle ways nor gentle manner. She was more passionate, more characteristic; and her likes and dislikes were very apparent. She had taken a dislike to Bingley, and did not trouble herself to disguise this.

"Perhaps you don't know who I am, young lady?" continued Bingley.

"No, I do not," said Maud.

"I am Mr. Bingley, of Farnhame," said he, with some of the pomposity of wealth. "Your sister is my sister's governess—Mrs. Glynford, of Bridgenorth House, Farnhame—and that's how I know Miss Keane."

"Oh!" said Maud, contemplatively. "Then," she added, "you know Mr. William Glynford, of course?"

"Yes, of course," said Bingley. "What about him?"

"I've seen him, that's all," replied Maud, cautiously.

"Yes, I know," said Bingley, with a laugh. "He's been here, hasn't he? And what do you think of him?"

"He is a gentleman," said Maud; and her tone conveyed to Bingley's ears the thought that was in her mind. She could have said no words more bitter.

Bingley was rich; but he was not a gentleman, and Bingley hated the very name of Glynford. His sister all but ignored his existence, and William Glynford gave him a careless, indifferent nod when they met in the street; and yet Bingley considered himself as good as any Glynford who ever was born.

"Humph!" said Bingley; "so you think a great deal of what you call a gentleman, do you? And perhaps your sister does also?"

"Of course she does," said Maud. "Papa was a gentleman."

"If you call a poor, half-starved country doctor one!" answered Bingley, with a coarse laugh.

Maud turned scarlet at these words. Then she looked defiantly at the man before her. "You are not a gentleman, at any rate," she said; "and I will tell Laura never to speak to you any more."

Again Bingley laughed. "That would be of no use," he said, significantly. "Miss Laura and I have some secrets between us."

"I do not believe it," said Maud, proudly.

"Give her my message, at any rate, little miss," continued Bingley. "Tell her I am very sorry to learn that she is ill, and that she needn't fret about what she heard this morning, for I shall make it all right. And tell her I will call upon her to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock. And now, my young lady, good morning." And Bingley took up his hat and quitted the room, leaving the sensitive Maud trembling with passion.

CHAPTER X.

AT SEATON-BY-THE-SEA.

She was so angry that she dared not go near Laura until she had grown cooler, lest she should again excite her sister. But when she did go, and did give Laura Mr. Bingley's message without any comment, Laura took it very quietly.

"It was kind of him to call," she said. "I will see him to-morrow."

Maud bit her lips to keep back the indignant words that were rising on her tongue.

"Do you know him well, Laura?" was all she said.

"No," answered Laura, lying back wearily, and Maud compelled herself to be silent.

But the next morning, when Laura was better, Maud did speak to her.

"Laura," she said, "Mrs. Glynford could not have been a lady, I suppose, as Mr. Bingley is her brother?"

"She is not very refined, Maud," answered Laura, with a sad smile; "neither are many others who call themselves ladies."

"He is horrid!" said Maud, decidedly. "I would have nothing to do with him if I were you, Laura!"

At twelve o'clock Mr. Bingley called, and Laura immediately went into the drawing-room to receive him.

He was standing hat in hand as she entered, looking around at the shabby furniture, and thinking how poor the Keanes must be, and how differently his own house was supplied. Then, when Laura went in, he thought how fair she was, how ladylike and gentle, and how well she would look in a handsome house, and with handsome dresses to yet further adorn her.

And so he made up his mind. He would ask this young girl to share his widowed hearth, but there was no occasion that he should put her in the house over the "establishment," as he always called it in Front street, Farnhame.

No! he would have a villa outside the town, he decided, and would hold his head as high as the Glynfords any day. For Bingley was rich—richer than William Glynford, he told himself—and was not going to put up with his sister's absurd airs of superiority any longer.

"I am glad you are well enough to see me," he said, warmly shaking Laura's chill little hand. "I got a fright, yesterday, I can tell you, when I heard you were ill, and I was vexed with myself for not breaking that disagreeable affair to you more gradually. However, don't you fret about it any more. Money does a lot of things, and it won't fail to make a detective shut up. You get well, and come back to Farnhame, and I'll engage you'll never hear anything more of these confounded notes."

"You are very good," faltered Laura.

"I don't say I'm good," cried Bingley; "but when I like a girl, I'll do my best to help her. That little miss of a sister of yours, by-the-bye, was not over polite to me yesterday. What a little spitfire she is, to be sure; but I've noticed that all deformed people are spiteful. I go a great deal by a girl's looks, and I like 'em straight and tall."

Bingley looked admiringly at Laura as he said this, and intended her to understand that he admired her. The poor girl grew a shade paler as she noticed this. But she was afraid of Bingley, and dare give no further sign of her aversion.

"And there's another thing, Miss Laura," he continued, "that I meant to say to you. Come, sit down, and let's have a little comfortable talk together. In a place like this—a gossiping little place, you know—one picks up bits of news, and I've heard one or two things about you and your family."

Laura looked up quickly, and blushed.

"I—I—hope that you will repeat nothing that you have heard here at Farnhame, Mr. Bingley," she said.

"You mean to Mrs. Glynford?" answered Bingley. "Not I—I'm not so fond of her, for that matter; and another thing, I want you to seem all right and on the square there, at any rate! No, what I mean is (you mustn't be offended), but I've heard about an agreement you've made with Johnson, the grocer here, to pay the rest of your mother's account out of your next half-year's salary. Now, I don't want you to have this hanging over you, and pinching you so that you can't be properly dressed, and all that kind of thing. So what I am going to propose is that I settle with Johnson for you, and get this agreement back from the fellow at once."

"Oh, Mr. Bingley," said Laura, her cheeks now crimson, "you must not do that!—I cannot allow you to do that!"

"Why not?" said Bingley. "The money is of no consequence to me, and I'd much rather pay it than think of you fretting and bothering over a paltry sum. And, besides, Miss Laura," he added, with an attempt at facetiousness, "you must not forget that you are my debtor already, and I shall have to pay a good deal more than this grocer's bill for your sake, as it is!"

"I—I know," said Laura, bitterly humiliated; "but please do not interfere in this matter, Mr. Bingley. I don't care about dress now—I have plenty of things to wear—and I can easily pay this man out of my salary."

"Well, we'll see about it," said Bingley. "So Mr. William Glynford is gone, is he?"

"I do not know," answered Laura, and again she flushed crimson. "I have not seen him."

Bingley saw that blush, and did not like it. A vague jealousy passed through his mind at that moment, but the next he smiled contentedly. He had this pretty girl too fast, he thought, to be afraid. He meant to marry her, and would marry her, and so he need not disturb himself about Mr. William Glynford.

"I have come to the conclusion," he continued, presently, "that I had best go to London myself about this affair of the notes, and arrange things on the quiet without any go-between. I mean to start this afternoon, and I'll write and tell you how I succeed. In the meantime, as I said before, don't you be afraid. Every man has his price, they say, and I'm going to buy my detective."

And Mr. Bingley laughed aloud, well pleased with his own wit.

He remained a few minutes longer after this; and finally took his departure, after pressing Laura's hand.

"You trust me!" he said, again looking admiringly on the girl.

Yes, he had made a good bargain, he was thinking; this pretty young lady was worth paying heavily for!

CHAPTER XI.

RECALLED TO FARNHAME.

Bingley left Seaton-by-the-Sea well satisfied with his visit.

Half an hour after he was gone a note was handed to Laura from Johnson, the grocer. It was couched in the humblest and most apologetic of terms.

"The unprecedented depression of trade alone had induced him," and so on, to trouble Mrs. Keane's respected family by applying for their little account. He begged Miss Keane would, therefore, excuse him, and had great pleasure in returning the little friendly agreement which had been exchanged between them. He also enclosed a receipt for Mrs. Keane's whole account, which had been settled that afternoon by Miss Keane's respected friend, Mr. Bingley, of Farnhame; and Johnson concluded his epistle by begging for Mrs. Keane's future patronage, and enclosed a list af new groceries, &c.

Laura flung this letter down.

"How dare he do this?" she thought. And then moaned, "Alas! he dare do anything!"

She was in his power, and was helpless in his hands.

But it was very bitter to her, recalling as she did William Glynford's looks and words; the thought of the bright and happy future which might, perhaps, have been hers if she had not yielded to the miserable temptation which had brought such cruel punishment upon her.

And what would William Glynford think?

He had not thought unkindly, that was clear, for the night's post brought her a letter from him.

She read and kissed the following lines:

"My Dear Miss Keane,—

"I heard with deep regret that you were ill yesterday when I called, and I am going to take the privilege of an old friend, and write to-day to inquire how you are. Besides, I have not forgotten our conversation about your clever young sister Maud. I called, indeed, for the purpose of asking you to give me some of her writings to carry away with me, and I am now going to ask you to forward them to me. I will consult a publisher that I know in town about them; and you can assure her from me that I shall do everything in my power to advance her interests. When you return to Farnhame, I hope to have some news for you to communicate to her, and meanwhile she must, as we say in the North, 'keep up her heart.'

"And now, dear Miss Keane, I am going to approach a yet more delicate subject, and you must pardon me if I do it awkwardly. I noticed that you seemed annoyed yesterday when we so unexpectedly met Mr. Bingley. He is, as no doubt you are aware, a connection of my uncle's by marriage, and therefore I know something of him, and that something is not altogether favourable. It struck me afterwards, therefore, that in some way or other he may have attempted to annoy you, and I shall be so glad if I can be of service to you in any way. Please treat me as a friend, and believe that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to assist you. You have lost your father, and have a young invalid sister, and must necessarily have many cares; and if I can, I hope that you will allow me to lighten them.

"Yours very sincerely,

"WILLIAM GLYNFORD."

All the night after she had received it, this letter lay on Laura's pillow; and in the morning, when Maud went to her, the letter was lying under her soft, fair cheek.

Maud, however, made no remark, pretending not to see Laura hastily grasp her letter, and hide it; but presently, while she was dressing, Laura told the news that William Glynford's letter contained regarding Maud's writings.

Only those who have toiled and waited almost without hope, as this poor child had done, can understand her feelings.

Her delicate cheeks flushed crimson, and she seemed to taste the (to her) intoxicating draught of fame.

Alas! she knew not that this draught is mostly drank by those whose hearts are too sorrowful and world-worn really to enjoy it. Fame rarely decks the threshold of a life, but chiefly comes when the mellow, autumnal hue falls softly upon the furrowed brow and on the wise, sad heart.

But to Maud, the immature and passionate child of genius, this seemed impossible. Her

works were about to be read, to become known, to be famous.

The midge soaring in the summer sun, perhaps, believes in itself as it spreads its tiny wings; and Maud, too, was ready to take flight, and face the vast world of which she knew nothing.

She was all excitement and joy. She ran downstairs for her corrected and re-corrected pages, and laughed and sang. Then she would read Laura some passionate love-scene, written by a hand and planned by a heart which had known nôt love.

Laura smiled, and praised; but her quiet approval did not satisfy the ardent young authoress.

"You have no enthusiasm, Laura!" she cried, dissatisfied.

"I am not well, dear," said Laura, gently. And then Maud reproached herself for having forgotten Laura's illness.

But before the day was over a letter was written, and her best manuscripts despatched to William Glynford.

She insisted upon writing herself to him, to express her gratitude and explain her wishes.

"You would not understand all I want to say, dear," she said to Laura; and was allowed to have her own way.

But Laura also wrote a few lines to William Glynford.

In these she thanked him for his great kindness—"which I shall never forget," she wrote.

But she gave no answer—responded not to his allusion to Mr. Bingley.

What, indeed, could she tell him? Not the truth. She could not admit to this generous-hearted, noble-minded gentleman what she had done.

Tell him that she had taken money which was not hers; that she had done something against the law; that but for Mr. Bingley she might even now be lodged in a common gaol!

What burning tears of shame—what bitter thoughts were hers!

She loved William Glynford as a pure young girl loves, and her heart was almost broken when she remembered that by her own act she was now parted from him forever.

During the next few days she tried to smile, and to appear to share Maud's exultation and joy.

Maud, who watched for every post, brought her a letter, with the Farnhame post-mark, one morning, and stood by her bedside waiting for her to read it, and trembling with eagerness.

"Well," she said, "is that from Mr. Glynford?—and what does he say?"

"It is not from Mr. Glynford," answered Laura, "but from Mrs. Glynford, and you can read it if you like."

Maud eagerly grasped the letter, and read the sharply written, angular-looking lines it contained. They were as follows:

"Dear Miss Keane,—

"I regret to inform you that Alice Georgina and Maud Louisa have both taken scarlet fever, and that I must request you at once, upon receiving this, to return to your duties at Bridgenorth House, as I shall require you to assist myself and the trained nurse in attending upon them. My darlings are very fretful, of course, and you must be extremely patient with them, and I shall expect you to sit up on alternate nights with them, as the trained nurse must have some rest, and I cannot do without my regular night's sleep. Please start at once upon receiving this, as there is a great deal to do in the house, and Adolphus John cries perpetually now that he is separated from his sisters. I am not at all well myself, but I think it is just brought on by anxiety and want of proper attention to diet.

"I remain, yours truly,

"MARIA GLYNFORD."

"What a frightful woman she must be!" exclaimed Maud, after she had finished reading this letter, throwing it down on Laura's bed. "I hate Maria Glynford!"

"I do not think you would like her, Maud," answered Laura.

"Of course you shall not go," continued Maud. "The idea of asking you to give up your holidays to go to nurse children with scarlet fever! It's really too bad!"

"But I must go all the same, Maud," said Laura. "I cannot afford to lose my situation; and, besides," she added, with a smile, trying to reconcile Maud to the idea of her going, "I shall see Mr. William Glynford sooner, and be able to talk to him, and write to you about your books."

This absorbing thought triumphed in Maud's heart. She even grew eager, though she tried not to show it, for Laura to go.

"I wish I were you!" she said, presently. "I would willingly run the risk of nursing the interesting Alice Georgina and Maud Louisa, or even soothing the squalling Adolphus John, for the chance of seeing and talking to Mr. William Glynford! Ah, Laura, you are a lucky girl!"

Laura sighed in reply. She knew that she was not lucky, and she was not selfish, and very rarely made any moan to Maud.

Nay, she tried her best to help and support the sensitive and fragile young sister, whose personal deformity gave her such a tender claim on Laura's womanly heart.

"Maria Glynford," continued Maud, satirically, "must be a perfect specimen of a Bingley! The male Bingley and the female Bingley must be exactly alike. How they must love each other!"

"But they hate each other!" said Laura, with a little laugh.

"Unnatural Bingleys!" exclaimed Maud. "How can they dislike each other, when they are so vulgar, so pompous, so ugly——"

"Nay, nay, Maud," interrupted Laura; "Mrs. Glynford was once a beauty, and still thinks herself so, I believe."

"Well, she may be a beauty outwardly," said Maud, "but mentally she is ugly, downright ugly! And, as for Mr. Bingley, you don't call him a beauty, do you?"

"No," said Laura; and an expression of pain contracted her features.

She was going back to Farnhame, she was thinking, and would see William Glynford; but she would also see Bingley! And she had not received the expected letter from this man. Bingley had promised to write to her at once when he had arranged with the detective who had given him information respecting the marked and stolen notes, and she had not yet heard from him.

"Perhaps the man's silence cannot be bought!" reflected Laura, with almost a groan. And all the day this idea pursued her; and the next evening when she saw the lights of Farnhame, as the train in which she was travelling approached the town, this thought was still uppermost in her mind.

CHAPTER XII.

BRIDGENORTH HOUSE.

Bridgenorth House, Farnhame, was a very fine mansion—not fine in the sense that it was built with any special regard to architectural beauty, for there was nothing artistic about it; but it was large and commodious, and crowded with fine things from attic to cellar.

You approached it through an avenue of juvenile-looking trees, which evidently had not faced the breezes of the world for many years, and then you came to an imposing terrace.

After ascending the steps of this—each flight of which was crowned with many pedestals and stucco vases—you came to the front entrance of the building, which also was of a highly ornamental nature.

The hall, too, was very much decorated. In fact, an old nurse from the country, who had attended Mr. Glynford in his youthful days, having called at Bridgenorth House shortly after its present proprietor had purchased it, declared she was ashamed to look up when she entered the hall, "as there were so many of those foreign gods and goddesses, without any clothes to speak of, standing about!"

The old nurse's opinion—in one sense, at least, was true. Whatever might be the merits of the statues and statuettes "standing about," there were certainly too many of them.

And in the drawing-room it was the same thing.

It was overdone.

The crimson satin curtains and the gilt chairs were all very pretty in their way; but you felt overpowered by crimson satin and gilt.

And then the china, and the pictures, and the framed photographs!

Mr. and Mrs. Glynford, and the little Glynfords must have apparently been photographed many hundreds of times, judging by the specimens exhibited on every side.

Adolphus John in the first stage of man, and Adolphus John at intervals up to his present interesting age of five years, was a conspicuous feature in the room.

Then Mrs. Glynford, gorgeous in black velvet and white lace; simpering and simple in garden hat and attire;—in fact, Mrs. Glynford in every conceivable costume and attitude under the sun, met your gaze on every side.

You could tell the character of the woman, almost, who had fitted up this room. There was not a refined idea nor a refined thought to be recognized. She was rich, and thrust her riches before your gaze; she was vulgar, and made this equally apparent.

This struck even the poor, tired governess, Laura Keane, when she had arrived on a chill winter night, at Bridgenorth House, having been recalled there to nurse the sick children, and was proceeding up the gorgeous staircase to her own room.

Everything was fine and everything was vulgar, she thought; contrasting mentally, perhaps, her own broken-down home with this smart, modern, over-done house.

Laura went straight to her usual room, but was surprised when she arrived there to find it already occupied by the screaming Master Adolphus John.

"Yes, miss," said the nurse, who was endeavouring to soothe the fat, rosy boy rolling on the floor surrounded by expensive playthings; "the mistress would have us move. She thought your room was more out of the way of infection than the nursery, and so Master Dolly and I are sleeping here."

This was the explanation she received.

"And where have I to sleep?" naturally asked Laura, the next minute.

"Well, mistress said, miss," replied the nurse, "that you must just go to one of the attics; but she said you would be sitting up mostly with the young ladies at night, and so it wouldn't matter."

"But I am very tired," answered Laura. "I must go to bed to-night."

"I'll go and ask the mistress where you are to sleep, if you like, miss," said the nurse who was an obliging young girl.

And Laura thanked her, and sat down wearily while the nurse was away to watch Master Dolly.

Presently the nurse returned, and in a few minutes the mistress of the house followed her.

A portly woman was Mrs. Glynford, of Bridgenorth House, with a too florid complexion, and somewhat swollen features, which gave you the impression that she had once been handsome. And so she had; but now, when her youth was gone, no fresh beauties had come to take the place of the lilies and roses which had passed away.

She was not a kind woman, nor a good woman, and nature is a stern painter, for as surely as years pass on, it photographs the character in the expression and lines on the visages of those whose youth is past.

But had any one told Mrs. Glynford that she was no longer young, she would have considered it a downright insult. She clung, in fact, to the idea of her youth with extraordinary tenacity. She was stout, in good health, and selfish, and fortune had always smiled upon her, and so she wished to forget that she was mortal—to forget everything which might in any way disturb her prosperous, easy life.

She held out a cold and unwelcoming hand to Laura as she entered the room—in fact, barely touching her governess' fingers.

"So you have got back?" she said. "I half expected you yesterday; but I suppose you couldn't get back sooner?"

"No, I could not manage it," answered Laura. "I hope the children are doing well?"

"Alice Georgina is a little better, I hope," said Mrs. Glynford; "but Maud Louisa is very ill indeed, poor darling! I hope you will be able to sit up with them to-night, Miss Keane, for the nurse did so last night, and of course Margaret here cannot leave Adolphus John."

"I fear not to-night, Mrs. Glynford," said Laura. "I have not been well, and the journey has greatly fatigued me; but to-morrow night——"

"But I quite reckoned on you sitting up to-night," said Mrs. Glynford, sharply, as Laura paused.

"I am very sorry, but I fear I could not do it," replied Laura.

"Well, Miss Keane, I think it very inconsiderate of you, to say the least," continued Mrs. Glynford, turning exceedingly red. "I have been sitting up with them this afternoon, though Doctor Darling does not consider me at all well just now, and of course it is my duty to take care of myself. But what is there to prevent you sitting up?"

"I fear I could not keep awake," said Laura.

"Nonsense! Cook will send you up some strong coffee just before she goes to bed, and at eight you can call nurse up, and she will see about their breakfasts. And another thing, Miss Keane, I have put Adolphus John into this room, because I thought it further off the others, and so for the present you must sleep in one of the spare attics. I will tell the housemaid about having a shake-down got ready for you, and you will be able to get to bed to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. And don't come into this room any more after you have seen the other children. I am not selfish. I have never once kissed Adolphus John since they fell ill, though I go near him as little as possible—indeed, I ought not to go near them at all; but it's a great trial never to kiss Adolphus John."

Adolphus John, who was still rolling on the floor, took no notice of this affectionate allusion. He was now amusing himself by pulling at the tail of an unfortunate kitten, which had put up with his treatment until kittenish nature could endure it no longer; and so, after an extra pull on the part of Master Dolly, the kitten turned upon him, and gave him a scratch.

Master Dolly yelled at the top of his voice, and Mrs. Glynford screamed also, and, seizing the unhappy kitten, flung it, with all her force, against the wall.

"Oh, Mrs. Glynford!" said Laura, utterly shocked; and she went and picked up the miserable kitten, which immediately died in her hand.

While Laura was still holding the kitten, and Master Dolly still yelling at the top of his voice, Mr. Glynford, the master of the house, and William Glynford, who had been dining with his uncle and aunt, entered the room.

"What on earth is all this noise about?" asked Mr. Glynford, senior.

Then, seeing Laura, he advanced towards her, and held out his hand in kindly fashion.

"So, you've got back, Miss Keane?" he said. "My dear,"—this was to his wife—"what is making Dolly roar like a bull?"

"That wretched kitten has scratched him!" answered the fond mother.

"Well, that wouldn't kill him," said Mr. Glynford.

Then, seeing the dying kitten in Laura's hands, his expression changed.

"He hasn't been injuring that poor thing, has he?" he said. "If he has, I'll give him something really to roar for!"

"It scratched him," repeated Mrs. Glynford. "He didn't hurt it. I flung it away after it had scratched and bitten Adolphus!"

"It is dead!" said Laura, and laid it gently down on a chair; and, as she did so, William Glynford went up to her, and shook her hand without speaking, and then took up the kitten.

"Its troubles are over!" he said. "Who was the executioner?"

No one spoke for a moment; then Mrs. Glynford said, "I flung it away. Have I killed it? Well it's no loss; there are always plenty of kittens."

"Dolly can have a few more ordered to torment to-morrow!" said William Glynford.

"Dolly shall have nothing of the kind!" said Mr. Glynford, senior, sharply. "It was a brutal thing of you, Maria, to do; and if I catch Master Dolly with a kitten again, I'll whip him soundly.

Master Dolly yelled louder than ever at this prospect, and during the uproar William Glynford said a few words to Laura.

"How is it that you have returned so soon?" he asked.

"Mrs. Glynford wrote for me, as the children are ill," answered Laura.

William Glynford shrugged his shoulders.

"A nice way to enjoy your holidays!" he said.

Laura sighed softly.

"You look far from well," continued William Glynford. "You ought not to have come to an infected house."

Mrs. Glynford, at this point of the conversation, turned round and addressed her nephew. "William," said she, "I forgot to tell you that I have a message for you from Miss Carr."

"I will see you again presently," said William Glynford, in a low tone, to Laura; and even amidst Dolly's roars Mrs. Glynford's ears caught something of these words, and a new suspicion suddenly flashed on her mind concerning Miss Keane.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Oratorio Society is rehearsing Handel's "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," which will be heard for the first time in America at the February concert.

"BILLIE TAYLOR" is the latest comic opera *en route* to America from London. It is to be produced in New York in February, by a company organized by D'Oyly Carte and E. E. Rice.

JEROME HOPKINS' "Sepoy Battle March" was some time ago performed by Mr. Mann's orchestra, at the London Crystal Palace. This is the first hearing ever accorded to an American orchestral work at those celebrated concerts.

PASCA, who now rules Paris as the successor of Rachel and Bernhardt, made her *début* at the Gymnase, in the part of *Héloise Paranquet* some six years ago, and has hardly been heard of in Paris since, the director of the Imperial Theatre, at St. Petersburg, having carried her away almost immediately after her first appearance on the boards of the Gymnase.

CELLIER'S musical setting of Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora" may be said to have been gotten ready for the stage almost under the personal supervision of the poet—such interest has he taken in it. He has sanctioned the arrangement of the poem by Mr. Bolton Rowe which forms the libretto, and has even suggested some additions to the original poem, to render it more fit for the stage.

SCIENTIFIC.

PROF. REYNOLDS, of Dublin University, has undertaken the production of a rudimentary treatise on "Experimental Chemistry (14)," of which the first part, dealing with elementary principles and the chemistry of the typical elements, is published.

POPULAR lectures on science are common enough now in England and America, but the French have taken the lead among the nations in organizing a popular observatory at the Palace of the Trocadero, Paris. Founded by M. Leon Jaubert, it has just been opened to the people, and many hundred free tickets have been applied for and received.

DR. OSCAR LENZ, the Austrian explorer, who started from Morocco, has reached Senegal *via* Timbuctoo. He is the fourth European who has visited Timbuctoo, his predecessors being Major Laing, in 1826 (he was murdered and his papers were lost); Caillie, a Frenchman, who in the same year started from the south and reached Morocco; and Barth, a German, in 1853.

WHILE a boy was bathing at the opening of a channel connecting the Fountain of the Virgin and the Pool of Siloam at Jerusalem, he discovered a rock upon which were graven a number of Phœnician characters. They are small and finely wrought, but, unfortunately, not deeply cut. Part of the stone is submerged and hidden by a silicate deposit. After the channel has been drained and the deposit carried away it is expected that considerable light on the topography of Jerusalem will thereby be gained.

SOME very remarkable experiments at the entrance of the North Harbour, Peterhead (Scotland), are described by the Dundee *Advertiser* as having been attended by very satisfactory results. Bottles filled with oil were sunk to the bottom of the harbour, in which the sea was breaking heavily. The oil was then released, and rising to the surface it exercised an immediate and magical effect in smoothing the troubled waters. Instead of the waves breaking, the sea became quite smooth and glassy-looking, and there was a visible softening down of the waves, which, in place of being sharp-crested, were turned into long undulating seas. The opinion of those who witnessed the experiments was that if by the use of a simple invention oil can be laid on continuously by pipes to the bars of all exposed harbours, it will be quite possible to smooth down the stormy waves so that vessels may gain port in safety amid the fiercest storms.

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CHIEF-JUSTICE MOSS.

The late Chief-Justice of Ontario was born in Cobourg, on the 20th August, 1836, and was therefore at his death only in his forty-fifth year. In 1846 he entered Gale's Institute, now Knox College, and two years after he went to Upper Canada College. In 1854 he matriculated at Toronto University, and graduated in 1858 with triple first-class honors, and the gold medals in classics, mathematics, and modern languages. In 1861 he was called to the Bar, and soon became the partner of Mr. Hector Cameron. In 1863 he married Emma, eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan. In 1872 he refused a Vice-Chancellorship and in 1873 he was returned to Ottawa from West Toronto, and sat in the House until 1875, when he was appointed a Justice of the Court of Appeals. Upon the death of Chief-Justice Draper, in 1877, he succeeded him, having at the age of 41, attained the highest position open in the Province to a member of the Bar. He was also Vice-Chancellor of Toronto University. The late Chief-Justice expired in the arms of his wife and eldest daughter at Nice, whither he had gone in the hopes of recruiting his failing health. News of the death was received with profound regret. When the intelligence reached Toronto, the Law Courts and Assizes adjourned out of respect to his memory; the Judges in some instances giving expression to their feelings. Vice-Chancellor Black in adjourning the Court of Chancery paid a touching tribute to his memory. The Vice-Chancellor said; "His pre-eminent ability, his conscientious devotion to his duty as a Judge, as a lawyer, and to the country in whatever way he could serve it, the general courtesy which characterized his intercourse, not only with the profession but all who came in contact with him, made his loss one which will be widely deplored not only by the bench and the profession, but by the country at large. I gladly pay every respect in my power to his memory not only because of his high position as the head of the judiciary of this province, but from a deep feeling of affectionate regard which time can never efface."

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE MOSS.

SOCIETY AT LARGE.

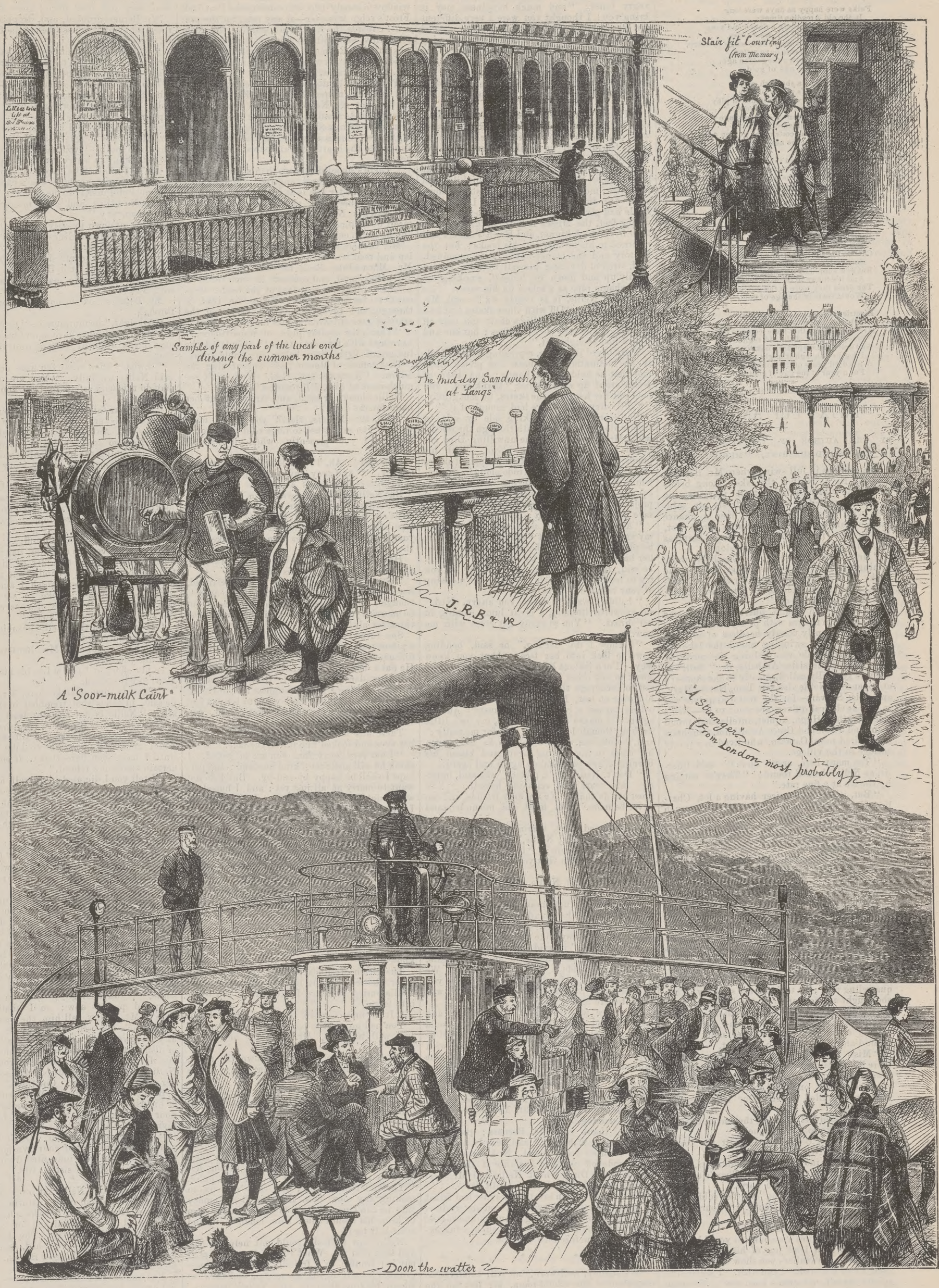
M. MUNKACSY, the great Hungarian painter, has just been ennobled by the Emperor Francis Joseph. Count Beust, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Paris, in announcing the fact to M. Munkacsy, paid the following compliment to the eminent artist; "*Noblesse oblige*, says the proverb; this time it is the Emperor-King *qui oblige la noblesse*."

THERE are in France ten *chevaliers* or *amazones* of the Legion of Honor, namely, Madame Abicot de Ragis, Rosa Bonheur, Mlle. Dodu, the telegraphist; Madame Jarrethout, ex-cantineer, six sisters of mercy, all of whom, except Mlle Rosa Bonheur have been decorated for heroism on the battle-field or in the national defence. Mlle Rosa Bonheur is the only woman who has the order of Isabella the Catholic. The female wearers of the order of Marie-Louise are common all the world over, from China to Peru.

MISS Buchoobai Rastamjee Master, a pupil of the Government Girls' School at Karelwady, India, recently submitted herself for the second-class certificate of qualification for admission to the public service, and successfully passed the examination. Miss Buchoobai also successfully competed for the scholarship offered to the native girls a few years ago by the lateMiss Mary Carpenter. Another Parsee girl, the daughter of Dhunjeebhoy Nusserwanjee Wadia, also presented herself at the Matriculation examination of the Bombay University.

DEATH OF A MARCHIONESS IN A GARRET.—There was found in New York last week in a miserable Wooster-street tenement destitute of the necessaries of life the dead body of a woman whose rightful name was Ida Marguerite d'Afremont, wife of the Marquis d'Afremont, of France, and at present a newspaper vendor, aged 74 years, who in his youth consigned himself to voluntary exile in this country. He was at one time worth over half a million of francs. To-day he is even too poor to bury the body of his wife. Such are the reverses of fortune.

THE BAND IN TROUBLE.



SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN GLASGOW.

THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet times.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As our pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the golden age,
And come to the age of gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore,
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
Mean mutton and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old;
So they couple the cook of the golden age
With a hook in the age of gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting guage
Of their musical art, we're told;
And the Pandean pipe of the golden age
Brings mirth to the age of gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to Queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the golden age
Would seem in the age of gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime;
And spite of Lempriere's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the golden age
For a year of the age of gold.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTELLE'S ERROR," "CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE," "MURIEL'S FATE."

Skating was in full swing when Mr. Berners, Lee and Nellie reached the lake. Long before they came within sight of it the pleasant ring of voices sounded through the frosty air, mingled with shouts of laughter over a chance tumble; and the three set off at a smart trot, Mr. Berners, in spite of his fifty years, being as light and active as his two companions.

"Here you are at last!" cried Charlie Stewart, coming to an abrupt pause as they reached the bank. "We have been here for the last half-hour. The ice is splendid. Sit down, Nell; I'll screw your skates on."

Nellie glanced round hurriedly. Ned was there, but arm in arm with pretty Lily Stewart, the two apparently utterly heedless of any one else as they went swinging round the lake together. Mr. Beale was helping the unsteady steps of his little sister Arabella, or "Bell," as she was generally called, greatly to her mother's annoyance. Nellie also saw Tom, Harry, Mary, and Alice Stewart—for the rectorial quiver was as full as clerical quivers are wont to be—Ned's eldest brother, Hugh, a quiet, intellectual, proud man, and Jessie and Grace Arbuthnot, daughters of a retired naval Captain, who lived in a pretty cottage in the village.

"Too many here, aren't there?" said Charlie, as Nellie looked round. "They're cutting up the ice at a fine rate."

"But, it's so much nicer having a lot, Charlie! Never mind the ice. We can't cut up such a great piece of water as this very soon."

"Oh, dear, how I wish I could skate like you!" moaned poor little Bell. "My feet hurt me so dreadfully."

"Never mind. You will soon get on if you are brave. How kind your brother is to devote himself to you!" said Nellie, with a secret hope that her praise would keep him to his work.

The puffy white face of the young man turned pink at her words, and he redoubled his efforts and encouragement. Nellie skimmed gracefully along, her hands in her muff, with a passing word to all except Ned, who only bent his head lower towards Lily as she passed them. With a swelling heart, Nellie went on her way.

It seemed as if Ned and she were always quarreling now; he took offence so easily. Then she sought a quiet corner of the lake, and practised "8's" and "3's" for more than an hour, regardless of anybody, till legs and feet aching beyond endurance, she put her muff on the ground and sat down upon it to rest.

"Miss Raymond, you really must not sit there?" exclaimed the observant Dips, skating towards her and dragging a chair. "You will catch cold. Sit on this chair. May I bring you some mulled claret? Our man has just brought it."

"Yes," said Nellie taking the seat he offered; "I should like some very much."

The delighted Beale skated off at the top of his speed, and Ned drew near.

"Taking a hint from the Greenlanders, I see, Nell," he said with a sneer. "There's nothing like grease for keeping you warm."

"I shouldn't think you ever felt cold," she retorted, with a flashing glance. "Your temper must keep you at fever heat."

Ned's dark cheek crimsoned.

"Stinging-nettles are a joke to you," he said, hotly. "I wish Dips joy of his bargain. In your choice of cavaliers you show a worldly wisdom I had not credited you with. I prefer simplicity myself, not such a keen eye to the main choice. Twenty thousand a year is not to be had every day, is it?"

"I belive I can have it any day I choose," said Nellie coolly, as she brushed the snow off her muff.

"Take it then," exclaimed Ned, in hoarse, angry tones; "and much happiness may it bring you! I thought you were a very different girl from what I see you are;" and he dashed away as Mr. Beale approached with a steaming tankard, casting a look of fierce contempt at the small figure as he passed.

Nellie nearly choked as she gulped down the hot wine. Handing back the silver mug to its owner, who was beaming with satisfaction, she said—

"Thank you. That is very refreshing. Make your little sister have some." And then as he went off, she rose and rejoined the rest of the party, fearful that he would return if she remained alone any longer.

The short winter afternoon faded, the great red sun went down behind the distant hills, and the silver moon, taking his place shone down upon the indefatigable skaters. Little Bell Beale had given in and hobbled homewards with aching feet, the Misses Arbuthnot had gone to their five-o'clock dinner, and Hugh Vignoles had returned to his mother and his books; but the Rectory and the manor-house party remained. Ned, tired of devoting himself to Lily, skated sulkily up and down by himself, smoking his meerschaum pipe as a solace for his woes.

"Come, Nellie, it is nearly six!" said Mr. Berners at last. "Off with those skates and let's toddle. Ned, bring Nellie a chair and take off her skates. Lee may do as he likes; but she and I have had enough of it."

Ned obeyed in silence, repressing with difficulty an inclination to squeeze the pretty little foot that he held in his hands; and then as Nellie stood up with a quiet "thank you," and held out her hand for the skates, he said gruffly.

"I'll carry them; I've had enough of it."

Nellie and he were walking side by side in silence along the narrow path through the woods, while Mr. Berners kept the unwilling Dips engaged in conversation on ahead, With his hands in his trousers-pockets and a pair of skates slung over each arm, Ned strode along in silence, whilst Nellie, not well knowing what to say, was equally taciturn. Presently she slipped on a projecting root, and caught hold of his arm to save herself from falling. Ned turned.

"Are you hurt?" he asked quickly. "Take my arm;" and, without waiting for an answer, he placed the skates on the other arm, and pulled her hand within the disengaged one. "Nellie," he said, in a low hurried tone, "why do you try to make me miserable? What is the meaning of your behaviour all to-day?"

"I didn't want to make you angry, Ned," she answered humbly, a great lump coming in her throat. "You so easily get cross with me now."

"I know I do, darling," he said, bending down to look into her face; "but you know why. I'm a jealous brute; I can't bear you to speak to any other fellow. Besides, you ought not to encourage that wretched Dips, to throw him over at last, Nellie," he whispered as the others turned a corner, "we mustn't quarrel again. It makes me so wretched, my own little darling, though I know you care for me really;" and, before she could stop him he had drawn her close to his beating heart and kissed her burning cheek passionately again and again.

"Don't, Ned—don't, please!" she said, bursting into tears and releasing herself. "You must not do that. We are only friends, and can never be more. You must not misunderstand me."

Ned stopped short, barring her onward way.

"Wait a moment, Nellie," he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion; "I do not understand you. Do you mean that you are really encouraging Beale?"

He waited, and Nellie tried to control her sobs.

"Oh, Ned, do not speak in that tone!" she said, putting out her hand, which he would not take. "I can't help it. Won't you be friends still? I shall always like you just the same"

"Thank you," he said shortly, turning to go on. "You mean when you are Mrs. Beale. Well, I have made a mistake, it seems. We will, as you say, be friends still; and I hope you will be happy in your wealthy marriage. I will not interfere again, I promise you."

His voice was trembling with emotion and jealousy, and Nellie felt as if her heart would break; but she could say nothing. It would be easier for her to bear if he were angry with her. So they walked on in silence whilst she calmed her sobs by degrees. When they reached the gate, they found the other two waiting for them.

"Come, Nell. you'll be late for dinner!" said Mr. Berners. "Good-night, Mr. Beale. Ned, are you coming in."

"No, thank you, Mr. Berners; they'll be expecting me at home;" and, barely touching Nellie's outstretched hand, Ned turned away and strode off without a glance at the disappointed little Dips, whilst Nellie and Mr. Berners walked silently up the moonlit drive.

The old gentleman saw that his ruse had failed to bring peace to his favourite, and determined to find out what was wrong; but he knew that there would be no time now for such a full explanation as he intended to have.

* * * * * * * *

In a shabby, well-worn, but still comfortable easy-chair in the school-room, her feet on the fender, sat Nellie, two days later, fast asleep. Her face was pale and sad, traces of tears were on her cheeks and eyelashes, and altogether she looked as little like the bright Nellie Raymond, blooming with health and happiness, of a few days before as she well could. Outside the window a steady drip, drip announced that Jack Frost's reign was over—at any rate, for the present. Inside the fire burnt sulkily, the room felt chilly, and stillness reigned supreme. Lee was out, Mr. Raymond ill in bed with a nervous headache, and his wife in close attendance, while Mr. Berners was writing letters in the library.

Presently the door opened quickly, and the old bachelor entered the room. For a moment he did not see Nellie, and was going away disappointed, when a long-drawn breath made him look again, and his eyes fell upon the sleeping figure. Cautiously shutting the door, he advanced to the hearth-rug and stood looking at her.

"There's something more than a lover's quarrel here," he muttered angrily. "I shouldn't wonder if Master Lee is at the bottom of this! There's a queer look and manner about him. He watches Nell closely; and what does he mean by bringing that little tallow-merchant to the house so constantly? Hillos, what's here?"

Mr. Berners took up a note that lay in Nellie's lap and read it. It was a formal proposal from Mr. Marmaduke Beale for the hand of Miss Ellen Raymond, and couched in such terms of confidence that the rosy face of the reader deepened to beetroot colour. Twice he read it through, and then, raising his eyes, met the startled gaze of two dark ones fixed upon him.

"That's the coolest piece of impertinence I have met with for some time!" ejaculated the indignant little man before she could speak. "That comes of Master Lee's encouraging the fellow. I'll answer this, Nell. You won't see much more of him, I'll promise."

Nellie shook her head, and stretched out her hand for the note.

"No, Mr. Berners, thank you; I—I must write. You ought not to have read it. I would have told you presently, when—it was all settled."

"Settled! Ah, I'll settle it!" he answered angrily. "And pray why were you such a goose as to cry over the note? Answer me!"

But Nellie could not answer him.

"Perhaps the best plan of all," Mr. Berners went on, "will be to put his note in an envelope and return it without a word. Where's your desk, Nellie? Never mind, I'll take it to the library."

He turned, as if to go; but Nellie sprang up and placed her hand on his arm.

"Stop, Mr. Berners, please!" she exclaimed, her cheeks turning crimson, "I mean to accept, though I hope—at least—perhaps we need not be married just yet. It—it will be a very good thing for all."

She turned away her head, There was such a piteous tone of despair in those last words that for some moments Mr Berners could not speak. He put a hand on each shoulder and shook her

"How dare you, Nellie? How dare you tell me such a thing? Do you suppose I have known you and loved you all these years to let you end your days as the wife of that—that Dips? Answer me!"

There was another shake, and Nellie raised her eyes and looked him full in the face.

"I am very sorry that you are so vexed. I think he will make me a kind husband; and perhaps I shall be happy by-and-by. But I do not want to marry at all just yet; and I hoped he would not have spoken so soon. I shall tell him I cannot give him a decided answer yet."

Mr. Berners led her back to her arm-chair, and, pushing her down into it, stood over her like a soldier on guard.

"You'll give him a very decided answer to-day, or my name is not John Berners! Speak out, Nell; you don't stir out of that chair till you have told me every word. Why have you thrown over Ned for this little brute?"

Only a crimson blush answered him. The tears were near her eyes.

"How much does Lee owe him?"

Nellie started violently.

"Has Lee told you anything? How did you know?"

The gleam of satisfaction on the face of the other showed her the mistake she had made. Nellie buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"It is mean--mean of you!" she sobbed. "You had no right to trick me so. How angry Lee will be! Oh, Mr. Berners, how could you?"

Mr. Berners strutted up and down the room, his hands behind his back, muttering as he did so—

"See it all now. Pretty fellow that Master Lee! Good shot of mine! Precious glad I found it out! The idea?"

At last Nellie cried herself out. When the deluge was over and she sat gazing stupidly at the fire, he approached her once more.

"Now make a clean breast of it," he said, seating himself by her side, and taking her hand as if he were going to feel her pulse. "You've let the cat out, and there's no use in making any more fuss. Lee owes Beale money that he can't pay and wants you to marry him to keep his mouth shut. How much is it, and what is it for?"

Nellie saw that she could not help herself, and told him all. What a relief it was to pour out her trouble to a friendly ear! Mr. Berners grunted fiercely during the recital, and then sat silent, playing absently with Nellie's hand.

"You are a little fool, Nell. Why didn't you tell me all this sooner?"

"I could not tell about Lee. Besides, I did not think it would be of any use. I knew you could not afford to help us, even if you had felt inclined. I have been wishing you were very rich ever since I knew of it."

Mr. Berners grunted, and, dropping her hand, rose and planted himself before the fire, with his legs very wide apart.

"Eight hundred pounds!" he said. "It's a large sum—and I don't suppose that Master Lee could pay me a halfpenny of interest if I lent it him. Don't mean to lend it him—that's another thing. But never you mind that, young lady. You just sit down and write Mr. Tallow a prompt and decided refusal of him and his greasy thousands, and I'll settle the other matter. Hold your tongue"—as Nellie opened her mouth to speak—"you have nothing to thank me for. Going to marry you myself probably. If I don't, I shall take care you marry whom I choose, and not anybody else's choice. Write that note and give it to me at once. I shall take it myself to Dips, and settle matters with him in my own way."

Nellie sat down to obey him, half dazed with the reaction of her feelings. Half an hour before her only hope in life had been to defer her misery; and now could she really be free—free to snub the odious little Beale if he persisted in his attentions—free to make friends once more with Ned?

Mr. Berners took the note from her and read it through.

"All right," he murmured—"cool and decided. Our friend must have more pluck than most men if you hear any more of him after he gets that."

"I wish I knew what you were going to do," said Nellie wistfully. "You are quite sure I may do this with safety to Lee, and papa shall not know?"

"Tell your father yourself, if you like," was the bluff answer. "He won't hear it through any one else. An hour hence Lee shall be a free man. Now go to sleep again." And away he went, slamming the front door behind him, and splashing through the sloppy snow and moist gravel.

Half-way down the drive he met Lee with his head bent and hands deep in his trousers-pockets, looking somewhat like a criminal on his way to execution. Mr. Berners stopped short and held up the note he carried.

"Look here," he said gruffly, "that fellow Dips, or whatever you call him, had the impertinence to send Nellie an offer of his hand and fortune this morning. Found it out in time and prompted her answer, which I am just going to take to him myself. Like to see the fellow look small. It all comes of your encouraging the little cad about the house."

"Do you mean that Nellie has refused him?" asked Lee, surprised.

"Rather," answered Mr. Berners. "What else did you expect?"

In his effort to be calm Lee bit his lip till the blood nearly started.

"There is some mistake here, Mr. Berners," he said, in tones that trembled in spite of himself. "Nellie is not free—at least did not intend to refuse Mr. Beale. In fact, she has given him every reason to expect a different answer; and I must ask you not to take that note until I have seen her—that is, if you know for certain that it is a refusal."

"I tell you I dictated it myself, and read it when finished," returned the other coolly; "and I mean to take it to the young jackanapes myself this very minute. Good Heaven, man, do you mean to say you would consent to such a marriage, even if she wished it?"

"The days of such wide distinctions of birth are over, Mr. Berners," said Lee. "Girls of all ranks are ready to marry men with twenty thousand a year; and Beale, if not refined, will make her a very kind husband."

"He won't make her a kind or unkind husband, Master Lee, for she hates him, and shall never marry him. Now look here, I know all; and I don't choose that Nellie shall be sacrificed for you or anybody else. I'm not the pauper you imagine. I always intended to leave you a little legacy, and, if you've forestalled it, you can't complain. By giving up smoking and a few other indulgences," he added, with a grim smile, "I can manage to let you have your thousand pounds now; so I shall take this note to Mr. Tallow, tell him the sale is at an end—article disposed of by private contract—and bring you back a release from all your debts of dishonour. Just you take care they are your last, for you'll get no more help from me, and Nellie will be otherwise disposed of—shall marry her myself most likely. Good bye."

Before Lee could speak, Mr. Berners was off at his usual rapid pace and out on the road. An hour later he placed a paper in Lee's hands, saying—

"There's your freedom. Don't thank me; you've paid for it out of your own pocket. Only be thankful you were prevented from sacrificing the happiness of your sister's life."

* * * * * * * *

Three days later Nellie sat once more in the shabby, cosy school-room, painting diligently. It was a picture for Mr. Berners' chambers, and she wanted to get it finished for him to take away on the following day. The thaw still continued, the snow had vanished, and a steady drizzle prevented walking or riding, so that the picture stood a good chance.

Ned and she had met several times—for he did not avoid her as she had expected—and she could not break down in the very least the barrier between them. He addressed her carelessly, called her "Nellie" as before, but never met her eye if he could help it, and adopted a hard, off-hand tone that made her heart ache.

Presently she started, and bent her head lower over her picture to hide the glowing crimson that had spread over her cheeks; for she had heard Lee and Ned enter the hall; and two minutes later they stood in the room laughing and shaking the rain off their coats and hats.

"Oh, you horrid wet fellows!" exclaimed Nellie, looking up and extending a hand to Ned, who shook it without a word. "I believe you have splashed my drawing. What have you come for?"

"Civil that!" remarked Lee. "We are going to have a game of billiards, and came to honour you with an invitation to join us."

"Lee knows I always beat him, and he wants you to help him," said Ned.

"Thanks; I can't come," said Nellie shortly. "I want to finish this picture this morning."

"Good girl; keep up your accomplishments!" returned Ned sarcastically; then, as Lee left the room, he added, "I suppose Lee has told you I am going to the Cape lion-shooting next month?"

Nellie's heart almost stood still; but she made no sign.

"No, he has not told me," she answered carelessly, "and, what's more, I don't believe you are going."

"But I am for all that," declared Ned. "Russell starts on the fifteenth, and I have promised to join him. So a fortnight more will see the last of me for a long time to come; in fact, if I find the climate suits me, I shall buy a farm out there and sell Redlands."

"And what does your mother say to it all?" asked Nellie, with difficulty commanding her voice.

"Mother? Oh, she objects, of course; but I can't help that! I've had enough of England and England's ways, and I don't mean to stay in this precious old land of humbug and avarice! Ah, here you are, Lee! Come along;" and the two young men went off to the billiard-room.

Nellie dropped her brush and sat staring straight before her, seeing nothing. Could it be true? Had his wounded pride conquered his love, or had he arranged his plans under the impression that she was going to marry Mr. Beale, and perhaps gone too far to draw back? What should she do? Was she set free too late—for what would life be worth without Ned? Nellie laid her head on the drawing-board and sobbed as if her heart would break.

She dried her eyes presently, fearful of being caught weeping, and worked away mechanically at her drawing. She heard Mr. Berners cross the hall and enter the billiard-room, and was thankful that he did not come into the school-room, to catch her with red eyes once more and cross-question her till the truth came out. As this thought crossed her mind, she threw down her brush and fled up-stairs to her own room, to bathe her face and wait till all trace of emotion was gone.

Meanwhile Mr. Berners, entering the billiard room, stood in silence for several minutes, watching the young men play.

"Won't you join us, Mr. Berners?" asked Ned presently. "We might have a game of pool."

"No, thank you. Where's Nellie? I expected to find her here."

"We asked her to come," said Lee, as he chalked his cue; "but she would not leave her painting. Your play, Ned."

"She's engrossed in a water-colour for Mr. Beale," added Ned, stooping for his stroke.

"Water-colour for your grandmother!" grunted Mr. Berners. "You make a grand mistake; and, as you know so much, you had better ask Lee to explain. Tell him, Lee, in justice to your sister. You can trust him not to repeat it;" and Mr. Berners, not caring to hear the recital of his own kindness, left the room.

Ned turned to Lee with a look of interrogation as the door closed.

"Has he been forbidding the banns?" he asked. "Nellie certainly intended to marry Dips the other day. Is it all off?"

"Yes, she has refused him; Mr. Berners made her," answered the other; then, colouring crimson, he added hurriedly, "The fact is Nellie behaved like a little brick. Beale had lent me a good sum of money, which there was no chance of my being able to pay during the governor's lifetime; but he had taken a fancy to Nell, and said that, if there was the slightest chance of her accepting him, I might take my own time about repaying him—if not, I must find it somehow at once. Well, I told Nell this, and she agreed to encourage him a little, so as to keep the fellow from bullying me; but it seems that he grew confident at the first word, and sent her a regular proposal, which Mr. Berners found and read. He insisted on her writing a prompt refusal, and paid off the money himself. I believe Nellie was awfully delighted at getting rid of Beale, though most girls would have jumped at such a chance; but she is romantic, and has dreams of love in a cottage, *et-cetera*. However, you had better not let this go any farther."

"Never fear," returned Ned shortly, with an odd huskiness in his voice; and then he played in silence for some time.

Lee made one or two efforts to talk carelessly; but a certain inner consciousness that Ned had cause of offence against him checked his fluency, and, as he met with but little response, his remarks were soon exhausted. The game over, Ned put on his coat, and, refusing his friend's invitation to stay to luncheon, walked to the front door. As he passed the school-room he glanced in; but it was empty, and he went on.

"The rain is over," remarked Lee, opening the door and looking up to the sky, where glimpses of blue were showing through the fleecy gray masses.

"I am glad to hear it," answered Ned, stepping out on the moist gravel. "I'll come up this evening, and we'll make Nellie and Mr. Berners join us in a game of pool or a rubber of whist."

"All right. Come to dinner—seven sharp. The governor won't wait; though I doubt if he will come down to dinner to-night. These attacks regularly do him up."

"I'm sorry he's not well. I shall be here before seven;" and Ned set off at a brisk pace down the avenue, carrying a lighter heart than he had thought to carry again for many a long year.

* * * * *

It was barely half-past six when Ned Vignoles left his home to start on the ten-minutes' walk to the Manor House; for he had a strong conviction that Nellie would be down before the rest of the party if she knew that he was coming to dinner.

It was a lovely night, the full moon riding high in a cloudless starry sky, with a clearness that threatened a return of the frost; and the bare trees threw inky black shadows across the road as Ned, whistling cheerily, strode along at a somewhat faster pace than usual. His thoughts were full of Nellie; her bright pretty face seemed dancing before him, her sweet voice was sounding in his ears; and he wondered, for the fiftieth time, if he would get a chance to say all that he had to say to-night. He quite pitied the despised Dips now that he knew he was utterly discarded; and Lee—ah, well, he could never think the same of him again now that he knew he had been willing to sell his sister to get himself out of a scrape!

"Hilloa," muttered Ned—"here he is!"

"Ned—is that you?" exclaimed Lee, as he approached him. "Have you seen anything of Nellie?"

"Seen Nellie!" repeated the other in surprise. "No, of course not! What do you mean?"

"She's missing. Went out at half-past two this afternoon, and has never come home; and they're all frightened to death about her. All the men are out looking for her; and I believe Mr. Berners thinks she has committed suicide. She seemed awfully down at luncheon, and looked as if she had been crying."

Ned remembered their conversation in the school-room, and guessed, with a sharp pang of mingled pain and pleasure, the cause of her tears. He did not believe in the suicide notion; but he did feel a little uneasy.

"She is at the Stewart's probably, or Miss Turner's, or at some of the houses. Perhaps she is at home by this time."

"Not she. There is something wrong somewhere. You know the governor has a particular dislike to women being out after dark; and Nellie is careful not to annoy him, especially when he has these nervous attacks. It has been dark for more than two hours now, and he has fretted himself into a fever. I can't make it out myself. Something must have happened to her, that's certain."

Ned's heart was sinking lower at each word. He knew well how "fussy" Mr. Raymond was about Nellie, and how careful she was not to worry him.

"Well, don't let us stand here wasting time!" he exclaimed, sharply. "You go on towards the common, and I'll strike across the marshes. She may have gone to see if the ice still bears."

"She's not such a muff as that. However, you may as well go that way as any other. I wish she'd turn up, for I want my dinner." And Lee went moodily on his way, while Ned, at the rate of five miles an hour, strode off in the direction of the ponds.

Was Fate going to be utterly unkind? Now, when the way seemed clear, had some evil happened to Nellie to keep them apart. Should he find her floating among the broken ice, with a still white face upturned to the clear moon? With an ever-increasing sickening dread he hurried on till he stood by the wide lake, over which a thin sheet of ice still glistened. He paced right round it, searching for a broken place to verify his worst fears.

"Bah!" he exclaimed presently. "She is safe at home and dressed for dinner by this time!"

Then he turned away from the lake and took the path leading through the wood, where he had kissed the dear bright face only a week before. He uttered an impatient exclamation as he stumbled over a gnarled root, and then stopped short with a cry of horror; for there at his feet was the white upturned face that he had been picturing a little while previously.

"Nellie, Nellie! My darling," he cried, kneeling down and taking the senseless form in his arms, "open your eyes—speak to me—it is Ned—tell me you are not dead!" And with wild despairing kisses he tried to recall the life-blood to her pale cheeks and lips.

But all in vain; the dark eyes remained firmly closed, the colourless lips silent; and Ned—strong, brave, manly Ned Vignoles—dropped his head on the unconscious form and sobbed aloud.

"Ned!" came a faint whisper; and, raising his head, he saw with a thrill the dear soft eyes looking at him once more with the light of life and love.

"Nellie, my own, my darling, I thought you were dead!" he cried in tones of rapture. "Why are you lying here? What has happened?"

"I slipped and fell," she whispered faintly. "My leg—it is broken, I think. I fainted every time I tried to move. I thought no one would come—and I should die; and then—I heard you call, and tried to make you hear, and fainted again."

"My poor little darling! Can you bear me to carry you, or must I go for help? I can't bear to leave you again!" And Ned pressed his lips to the white cheek as if he could never take them away.

"I would rather you carried me," answered Nellie, with a faint smile. "I shall most likely faint—directly you take me up; but don't be frightened. Carry me home—as quickly as you can."

She was right. At the first movement a cry of agony escaped her, and she fainted; but Ned, remembering her words, bore her on as fast as he could go, until, almost exhausted, he met the gardener and groom. Making a hammock of Ned's plaid, they carried her home between them, where Ned, having placed her on her bed, left her to her mother's care and waited impatiently for the doctor's arrival.

Nellie's opinion was correct. Her leg was broken; and she was utterly exhausted. But there was little or no danger, unless from the effects of lying so long on the wet ground.

"Well, I suppose I may as well go home," said Ned, slowly rising as the clock struck eleven. "I'll come round the first thing to-morrow to see how she is."

"Don't doubt you will," replied Mr. Berners grimly. "Hilloa—here's Mary with a last report of the invalid!"—as Mrs. Raymond entered the room.

"She is in a little less pain, I think; and Doctor Chesney has left a sleeping-draught to give her a quiet night, but the naughty girl won't take it till she has seen Ned. She says she has something to ask him, and wants to thank him; so, Ned, you must come up with me for a few minutes."

Ned's handsome face flushed crimson with pleasure as he followed Mrs. Raymond from the room up-stairs to where Nellie with a flushed face and glittering eyes awaited him.

"Now only three words!" said Mrs Raymond, as Ned advanced to the bed; and then she went into the dressing-room.

"Well, my pet, what's the important question?" asked Ned, as with a wildly beating heart he bent over the bed and took the little hot hand in his.

"About the Cape, Ned," she whispered. "Are you really going?"—and the soft eyes filled as they sought his face.

"Not unless you marry Dips, or would like to make it your honeymoon trip? No, Nellie—my Nellie—I know all now; and I don't mean to give you up to any man. Good night, my darling. Be quick and get well, for my sake."

"I think I shall now, dear Ned; I'm so happy;" and she turned her head on the pillow to meet his parting kiss as her mother entered the room once more.

* * * * *

On a bright sunny morning in April the village bells pealed forth the announcement that the words were spoken and the page signed that made Ned Vignoles and Nellie Raymond man and wife. It was a joyous wedding altogether, for no gloom of parting hung over it. The young couple were going on a honeymoon trip to the Lakes, and perhaps on to Scotland, and then they were coming back to settle down quietly in the cosy home at Redlands.

Even Mr. Raymond, who had had such high hopes of a grand marriage for his lovely daughter, yielded with a good grace when he found that not only was that daughter heart-wholly and irrevocably "gone," but that Mr. Berners actually did mean to leave all his money to Ned if Nellie became his wife, and that that money meant twenty thousand pounds.

"Sorry I did not marry you myself now, Nell," he said, as they stood all together in the drawing-room. "Make a pretty bride. Take care of her, Ned. It was nearly a case of a 'slip 'twixt cup and lip'—eh, my boy?"

"Ah, Mr. Berners," answered the young man, warmly pressing the elder one's hand, "Nellie and I are not likely to forget that it is solely owing to you that somebody else has to groan over the slip, and not I!"

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

IT is stated that Lord Beaconsfield intends writing another novel.

IT is reported that M. Gérôme intends to paint a picture of the burning of Shelley's corpse on the Italian coast near Viareggio.

GUSTAVE DORE is engaged on a large picture illustrating the sacred passage, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

ACCORDING to the German papers, two important works by Vandyke and Velasquez respectively have been found at Mühlhausen in Thuringia.

THE Mayor of Athens has telegraphed to the Mayor of London the discovery of a complete *Chef d'œuvre* of Phidias, the statue of "Minerva Victorious."

A MOVEMENT has been started in Paris to establish a grand historical museum of casts after the antique. The collection now proposed will comprise six principal groups: oriental antiquity, Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Phœnicia, Asia Minor, ; primitive Greece; Greece at the epoch of Phidias; Greece at the epoch of Praxiteles, then during the later periods of Greek art; the Roman epoch; and lastly French sculpture.

GREAT interest has been aroused in Italy by the publication of twelve manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci, on the subjects of Cosmology, Universal Geography, Percussion, Resistance, Hydraulics, Light, Heat, and that much-discussed theme, the Conservation of Force. These manuscripts, which have long been in the possession of the French Institute, are written from right to left, and so involved with flourishes and capricious designs that editors have hitherto shrunk in dismay from the task of deciphering them.

THE second Prang competition in Christmas card designs is appointed for February 14, which is the last day for the acceptance of contributions. On or before that day all designs must be delivered (free of expense) to Mr. R.E. Moore, at the American Art Gallery, Madison Square; they will be placed on exhibition February 21; the decision of the judges will be given February 24, and the exhibition will close March 5. The competition is limited to artists residing in America, and to American artists residing abroad. The prizes amount to $2,000.

VARIETIES.

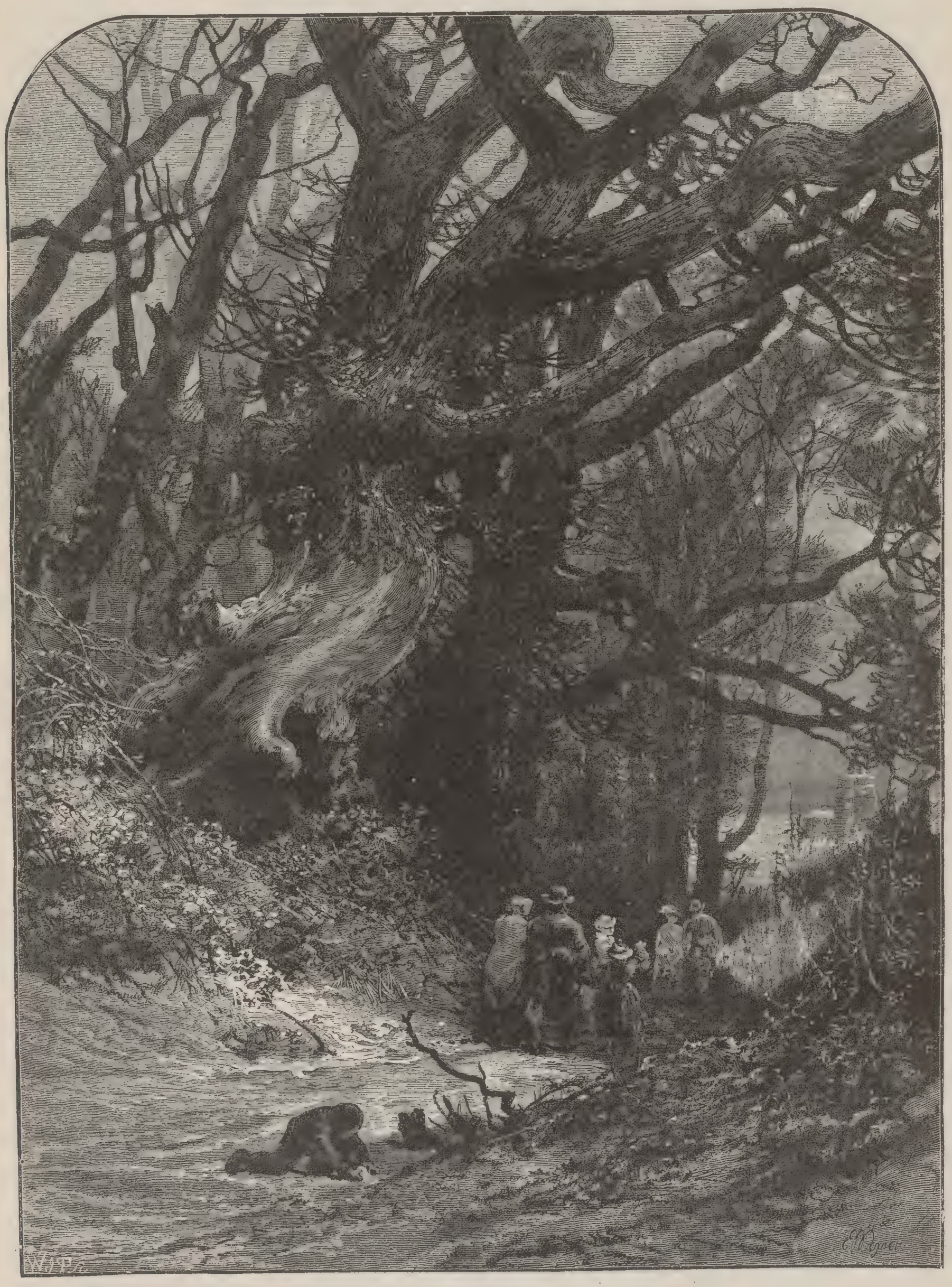
ORIGIN OF THE POLKA.—About 1830 a peasant girl, being in service in a tradesman's family at Elbestinitz, Bohemia, beguiled herself one Sunday afternoon in her kitchen by endeavouring to invent a new step, which she tried to adapt to a village song. While thus disporting herself, she was surprised by her employer, who, quite interested, made her repeat the experiment the same evening in the parlor where Joseph Neruda, an eminent musician, happened to be present, who noted the air and step. Not long afterward the new dance was danced at a citizen ball in the town, and in 1835 came into fashion at Prague, where, in consequence of the half step that occurs in it, it was called the Pulka, which means in Teheque, half. Four years later a band of Prague musicians brought the dance to Vienna, where it had a great success, and in 1840 a dancing master of Prague, named Raab, danced it for the first time in Paris.—*Allgemeine Familien-Zeitung:*

MUCH surprise is occasionally manifested by American newspapers at the comparatively small cost of the Indians to the Canadian Government, and the general content prevailing among them. The reason is simple enough. In the first place Indian agents are honest, and they are appointed with due regard to their fitness. There is more practical interest shown in the Indian's welfare by the Canadian Government, than that which the United States exhibit to their Indians. Across the line Indians are treated as if they had some rights. The law prohibiting the gift or sale of whiskey to Indians is strictly carried out in the Canadian Northwest Territory. They are not made to periodically "move on," in order to enrich the white man at the expense of justice. In brief they are recognized as wards of the nation, and as such enjoy the rights and privileges accorded to them by law. These are the main reasons why Canadian Indians are tractable, and it is the absence of the same reasons which render those of the United States ungovernable and costly.

CURIOSITIES OF THE VOICE.—Dr. Delaunay in a paper read recently before the French Academy of Medicine, gives some details on the history and limits of the human voice, which he obtained after much patient research. According to the doctor, the primitive inhabitants of Europe were all tenors; their descendants of the present day are baritones, and their grandsons will have semi-bass voices. Looking at the negroes, &c., have higher voices than white men. The voice has also a tendency to deepen with age—the tenor of sixteen becoming the baritone at twenty-five and bass at thirty-five. Fair-complexioned people have higher voices than the dark-skinned, the former being usually sopranos or tenors, the latter contraltos or basses. Tenors, says the doctor, are slenderly built and thin; basses are stoutly made and corpulent. This may be so, as a rule, but one is inclined to think there are more exceptions to it than are necessary to prove the rule. The same remarks apply to the assertion that thoughtful, intelligent men have always a deep-toned voice; whereas triflers and frivolous persons have soft, weak voices. The tones of the voice are perceptibly higher, he points out, before than after meals, which is the reason why tenors dine early, in order that the voice may not suffer. It was almost superfluous for him to remind his learned audience that singers who were prudent eschewed strong drinks and spirituous liquors, especially tenors, for the basses can eat and drink generally with impunity. The South, says the doctor, furnishes the tenors, the North the basses; in proof of which he adds that the majority of French tenors in vogue come from the south of France, while the basses belong to the northern department.

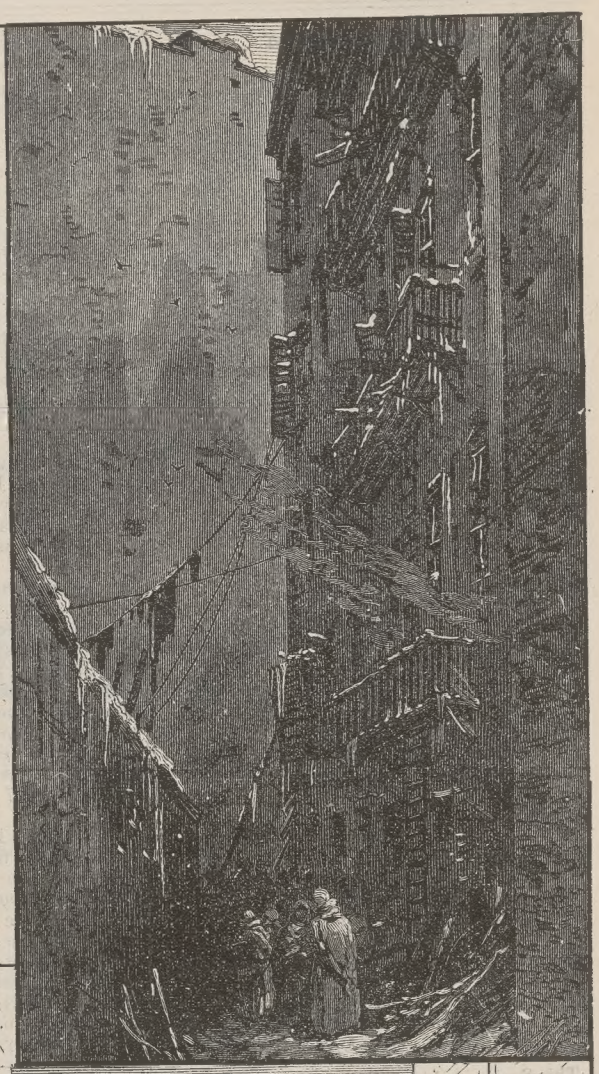
GOOD FOR BABIES.

We are pleased to say that our baby was permanently cured of a serious protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, University Avenue, Rochester, N.Y.



A WINTRY SABBATH.

CENTRAL PARK, AFTER THE FIRE.



SCENE AT THE FIRE.

THE FIRE IN MADISON STREET.

This dreadful tragedy was due to the careless use of gasoline by plumbers, who were engaged in thawing out frozen pipes. They were at work in a small unoccupied room communicating with the hallway at the foot of the stairs in the first story. The windows were closed, and the outside shutters were shut together. The men had also closed the door. They had just filled the gasoline machine, or lamp, with which the pipes were thawed, from a can holding about two quarts, and in doing so a little of the liquid was spilled upon the floor. The vapour that arose from it, it is supposed, caught fire from a candle that stood near, and quick as a flash the flames spread to the lamp and the can. It all occurred so quickly that neither of the men can tell exactly how it happened. The assistant dropped the can, and the plumber picked it up all ablaze, and ran to the window with it. The window would not open, and he followed the boy into the hallway. The door from the hallway into the alley would not open, and the boy crossed the hallway, and opening the door that led into a saloon in the front building, dashed through into Madison street, shouting "Fire!" The plumber had dropped the blazing can, and, with his clothing all afire, followed his helper. Persons passing in the street gathered about him as he reached the sidewalk, and aided in extinguishing the flames with which he was covered. After some delay a fire alarm was sent in, and in ten or twelve minutes from the time the fire started, the engines were on the spot. In that time, however, the fire had done most of its deadly work. There were seven families in the tenement-house. The stairway was in the middle of the building, separating the apartments of the respective families. Each apartment consisted of three rooms. One window from each apartment opened on a balcony, through the centre of which a stationary iron ladder extended from the eaves to the first story. The only other means of escape was up the stairway to the roof. The density of the smoke and the swift spreading of the flames barred both ways of exit before a majority of the tenants knew their danger. Those who lost their lives were all in the fourth and fifth stories. Below them the balcony floorings were ablaze, and past their doors the flames roared like a blast-furnace. Ten lives were lost, and there were some very remarkable escapes. The building was constructed on plans approved by the Building Department, and was provided with the fire-escapes that the law required; but the fire had no sooner spread through the doorway from the little room where it started, than the draught through the hallway sucked it upward to the stories above.

THE DEAD IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE STATION HOUSE.

PLACE WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED.

THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE DASH WITH THE COLOURS.

January 22nd, 1879.

I.

"Soldiers,'" the Colonel said,
"All hath the battle sped,
Honour's unstained;
Courage! for not a rag
Of the old regimental flag
Hath the foe gained.

II.

"We must the *colours* save!"
This was the charge he gave;
Coghill stood calm and still,
Whilst Melville's sharp, bright eye,
Flashed back the high reply,
Dying we will.

III.

So, thro' the Zulu band,
Thousands on thousands stand,
Cool, steady, brave,
Rode they, though everywhere,
Wounded by savage spear,
Honour to save.

IV.

Those who came after, then,
Found these heroic men
Heaped round with slain.
England, with weeping pride,
Mourns o'er her sons who died
Yet not in vain.

V.

Yea, for their country's name,
Yea, for the regiment's fame
Died, scorning fear;
Though burning tears shall start,
Rings from each soldier-heart
One British cheer.

VI.

Grasping the colours nigh,
Under God's sunny sky
The heroes fell,
Crown ye each blood-stained brow,
Cover the faces now,
Comrades, farewell!

Montreal. MAPLE LEAF.

VICTORIA (PHILOSOPHICAL) INSTITUTE OF ENGLAND.

This Society held its first meeting for the new year at its House, 7 Adelphi Terrace, London, on the 3rd of January, the Vice-President in the chair. The Honorary Secretary (Captain F. Petrie) reported that upwards of a hundred members and associates had joined during the year now ended, of whom a very large proportion,—nearly one-half,—were Indian, Colonial, and American, and the total strength of the Institute was now nearly 900, including many English and Colonial prelates. Several leading scientific men at home and abroad had written papers for the Society in furtherance of its objects,—namely, the investigation of philosophical and scientific questions, especially those said to militate against the truth of Revelation. The new arrangements enabled foreign and colonial members, and leading scientific men in any country, to receive proof copies of the papers, and to give their opinions in MS.; these were afterwards combined with the discussions at the meetings held in London, and the result was an enhancement of the interest and value of the quarterly Journal; and Colonial applications for admission as guinea Associates were becoming very numerous. A paper on "The Early Destinies of Man" was then read by Mr. J. E. Howard, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c., in which he considered the Early Destinies of Mankind as viewed by Science, Philosophy and Religion. Science, so highly to be esteemed and valued, especially in regard to the created universe, was first reviewed when considering the existence of matter; she however naturally failed when we came to consider the beginning of things and the cause and creation of matter. Philosophy was, for obvious reasons, an unsafe and certainly an unpractical guide. Religion or Divine Philosophy alone seemed to lead our inquiries to a satisfactory result. As regards man, the description in Scripture of his original destinies represented him as worthy of his high original, but fallen therefrom. This whole account was reflected in the various traditions of the nations of the world, and embodied, though distorted, in its great religious systems. The present attempts to supersede or set aside the religious history of mankind was fraught with mischievous consequences, and was in itself eminently unreasonable. The whole course of history refuted the figment of man raising himself by slow degrees to the conception of a Supreme Being. As far back as we could trace, the earliest ideas of man led to the diligent study of the heavenly bodies, and bore marks of high culture and of strong religious tendencies. In conclusion, the author considered that the early destinies of man foreshadowed the completion of his history.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

We call attention to the following from the *Canadian Bookseller* for Jan. 7:—

CARDS AND CANADA.—Our attention has only just been called to the fact that neither England nor the United States, with all their premiums, are to have a monopoly in Christmas Cards. There is no reason—although we are in the dawn of art—why Canadians should not acceptably and artistically depict the scenery of their native land, and present natural as well as national illustrations of the winter holiday time. We have now before us a dozen picturesque cards emblematic of the season, comprising "An Ice Shove on the St. Lawrence," "The Ice Road Across the River," "Tobogganing," "The Moonlight Drive," "Bringing in Wood," "The Ice Harvest," and others. They are printed in colours by the Burland Lithographic Company, of Montreal, from sketches made by gentlemen of that city; and are certainly more to the purpose than imaginary bunches of flowers, and of more interest than the well-known group of three or four choir boys in their stalls in one of the old cathedrals, and such kindred subjects. We fail to see how, "Flowers in open air with Birds and Butterflies," are memorials of Christmas. Therefore, we welcome these Montreal cards as a forward step in the right direction, and thank the publisher—Mr. J. T. Henderson—for inaugurating so desirable an enterprise, which we may hope may be largely extended.

THE *Turf, Field and Farm* is now in its thirty-second volume, and it has a very prosperous look. It has done more than any other journal to elevate the literature of sport in America. It has ever championed morality and rights and has always set its face against debasing sports. It is conducted by gentlemen who are recognized as authorities in their specialties, and consequently its circulation is large and its influence great. It is eminently practical, its views on Breeding, the Turf, the Kennel, Shooting, Athletics, the Stage, &c., being formed from actual contact with the leading exponents of these pursuits and pastimes in all parts of the country and world. It has grown better, more earnest with the years, and we gladly welcome it to our exchange table. It is published at 37 Park Row, New York.

CANADIAN REPRINTS.—Messrs. Warwick & Sons, send us from Toronto, a capital Canadian reprint of the *Lesiure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, *The Boy's Own Paper* and *The Girl's Own Paper*. Those who know these excellent publications of the Religious Tract Society will welcome the news of a cheap edition ($1.50 per annum), so easily obtainable. The two latter in particular will be welcome wherever there are boys or girls to read them. The papers are well printed and on good paper, in every way, so far as our memory serves us, equal to the English editions.

THE COMING OF THE PRINCESS.—We welcome with pleasure a little book of poems by Mrs. Kate Seymour Maclean, which comes to us from Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. The poems are many of them already known to readers of the "Canadian Monthly," and, unlike much Magazine poetry, have awakened a desire in many of us to possess them in the more permanent form which the issue of the present volume gives to them. To criticise poetry is always a difficult, generally an ungrateful task. The highest merit of which a poem is capable is that of pleasing in its best sense; and it is more profitable to accept the fact of pleasure given than to seek to analyze the process of pleasing. The poem which gives its title to the collection is an ode in honor of the Princess Louise of which we will only say, that a similar subject proved too much for the Poet Laureate, and that Mrs. Maclean has done her best with her difficult task. But if the initiatory number be somewhat forced and stilted, it is amply redeemed by the charming grace of the following "Bird Song," from which we cannot do better than quote as a specimen of Mrs. Maclean's style:—

"Oh Life, thou art sweet!
Sweet—Sweet to the inmost heart of thee!
I drink with my eyes
Thy limitless skies,
And I feel with the rapturous beat
Of my wings thou art sweet—
And I,—I am alive, and part of thee!"

The collection has had the advantage of an introduction from the pen of Mr. Adam, the editor of the "Canadian Monthly," which is like all his writings, pleasant to read and welcome for its appeal on behalf of Canadian poetry, full as it is to-day of promise, a promise in which the little volume before us has no inconsiderable share.

YE ARTISTS' VENDETTA.—The ridiculous side of the high art craze which has crossed from London to the States and which bids fair soon to invade our hitherto comparatively sane community, is excellently dealt with in a delightfully funny *brochure* from the pen of Mrs Florence I. Duncan, (Duncan & Hall, Philadelphia). If the story be true, which has it that Lord Dufferin sent the author a cheque with the promise that he was to have his money back if the book was not funny, we do not think that he ever saw that cheque again. For ourselves we have enjoyed more than one chuckle, (we believe we were even entrapped into a more forcible expression of our amusement) over the Barn Beautiful and its contents, and the collection of recently manufactured *curios* with which the heartless artist conspirators betrayed the confidence of their persecuting critics' lovely daughters. Amongst much that is only meant to amuse there are many touches which have a deeper lesson for those who can read between the lines. The description of the callers at the studio of the unfortunate Gamboge, and the way in which they waste his time and pick his brains, without ever considering that he should be otherwise than obliged to them, ought to preach a sermon to many an idle lounger who looks upon art as an amusement and not a profession, and who thinks that while to a business man time means money, an artist has nothing to do but interview idlers and amuse would-be *connoisseurs*. Art criticism too is touched upon with a masterly satire; from the high and mighty critic of the Fog Whistle with his ridiculous mistakes of identity, to the woman Reporter, who after a canvassing tour for Picturesque America and a turn at the Duplex Elliptic corset, takes as a *dernier ressort* to art criticism, by the light of a pile of old art catalogues by Ruskin and "those fellows." It is perhaps a questionable compliment to say that the sex of the writer is scarcely distinguishable. The book has none of the ordinary faults of a woman's writing, and yet we doubt whether a man could have handled his subject so lightly and with such a pleasant grace.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Greek loan is reported to be a failure.

MR. GLADSTONE'S health is causing considerable alarm to his friends.

IT is rumoured that Earl Cowper desires to resign his post as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

THE Tralee mail car was attacked recently, and the mail destroyed.

AN Eastern international railroad is projected, to run from Pesth through Belgrade to Constantinople.

THE reported capture of Lima by the Chilians is unconfirmed.

THERE are rumours that Radical and Tory members of the English Commons will form a coalition against the Government's Irish policy.

THE thermometer in London one day last week registered 7 degrees above zero.

THE anti-Jewish agitation in Germany is spreading through the provinces.

THE Lancashire colliers' strike has spread all through the county, and forty to fifty thousand hands are idle.

RUSSIA has unreservedly accepted arbitration on the Greek frontier question.

A PLOT to assassinate Bradlaugh is said to have been discovered by the police.

AN unsuccessful attempt was made by Fenians to blow up the armory at Salford barracks a few days since.

THREE thousand natives were engaged in the plot recently discovered in India to massacre the Rajah and European residents of Kolapore.

DONALDSON, the submarine diver, has wagered to jump into the Niagara River from the Suspension Bridge on the 24th of May.

THE Obstructionists in the Imperial House of Commons, endeavouring to prevent the discussion on the Coercion Bill, pressed the debate to a division, and were defeated by a vote of 230 to 33.

THE Naval Brigade and Royal Artillery reinforcements have started for the interior from Pietermaritzburg. Nearly a thousand men embarked at Woolwich recently for the Cape.

THE representatives of the Powers have received instructions to take collective action to make the Greek Government accept arbitration. The Greeks, however, seem bent on fighting, and a collective remonstrance from the Powers will probably be the next move.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Last week was signalized at the Theatre Royal by the appearance of M. Lavigne's Parisian Company in a series of French plays. Of the general acting of the company it is difficult to speak in too high terms. "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," which was selected for the opening piece on Monday was only poorly attended, but a repetition of the play on Wednesday by special request filled the house. M. Claude who filled the part of the bourgeois father-in-law was particularly happy in his by-play and asides, and M. Vadant supported him well as Verdelet. But the triumph of the latter gentleman was achieved in the ridiculous farce of "Le Consigne est de Ronfler," in which his impersonation of the raw recruit from the provinces, with his broken French and abject terror of offending "ma' comma'dant," made a deliciously funny scene. "Le Medecin des Enfants" produced on Tuesday was noticeable for the acting of M. Lavigne, who filled the part of "Delormel" the injured husband, with a grave dignity and force which one rarely meets in a French company. Indeed his acting belongs more properly to the English school than strictly to that which we have been accustomed to particularize as French. Altogether the company achieved a decided success, and we are glad to hear that they are shortly to return, after a tour of a few weeks.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

☞ *Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 307.

E. H.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 307.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke.—Correct solution received of Problems Nos. 309 and 310.

THE HAMILTON CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

We have just received from the Conductor the subjoined table, which contains a list of the finished games sent in to him since the report of 31st of Oct. last.

It will be perceived that 81 of the games of the Tourney are now concluded.

THE HAMILTON CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Games concluded from 1st Nov. to 31st Dec. 1880.

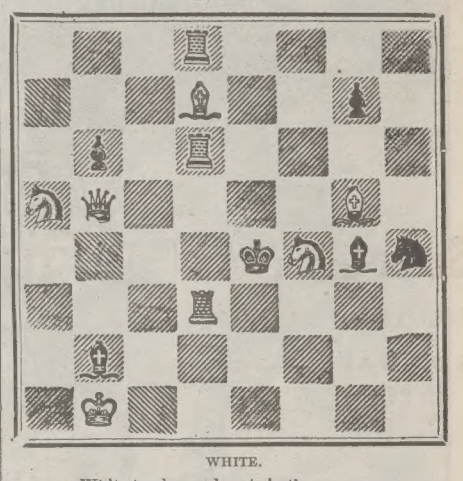
No.	Attack and Defence.	Winners.	Openings.	No. of Moves
63	Hendricks vs Narraway	Narraway	Scotch Gambit	53
64	Burque vs Boivin	Burque	Fianchetto	45
65	Burque vs Judd	Drawn	French Defence	30
66	Clawson vs Narraway	Narraway	.....	—
67	Robertson vs Burque	Robertson	Evans' Coun. Gam	45
68	Braithwaite vs Boivin	Braithwaite	Ruy Lopez	52
69	Shaw vs Anderson	Drawn	do.	24
70	Narraway vs Judd	Judd	French Defence	18
71	Braithwaite vs Robertson	Braithwaite	Q B P Game	30
72	Narraway vs Henderson	Henderson	Irregular	23
73	Kittson vs Burque	Kittson	Scotch Gambit	39
74	Forster vs Ferris	Forster	do.	20
75	Narraway vs Boivin	Drawn	Giuoco Piano	49
76	Ferris vs Clawson	Clawson	Ruy Lopez	37
77	Ryall vs Hendricks	Ryall	Scotch Gambit	17
78	Forster vs Hicks	Drawn	French Defence	40
79	Wylde vs Forster	Forster	Petroff Defence	36
80	Kittson vs Henderson	Henderson	French Defence	66
81	Judd vs Clawson	Clawson	Evans' Gambit	35

It will be recollected by some of our chess friends that the Programme of the French National Chess Tournament was published in the month of July last, with an intimation that play would probably begin on the 1st of December at the Salon of the Paris Chess Circle. About three weeks ago, we were informed that seven competitors had entered their names for this trial of skill, the most prominent being Messrs. Clerc, De Riviere and Rosenthal, and now from the *Turf, Field and Farm* we learn that play began on the 3rd of December, and that up to the 6th the results showed that Rosenthal had won four games, two from de Boistertre, and two from Chaseray Clerc had won three games, two from Matheus and one; from Chaseray; and De Riviere had drawn a game with Oberndorfer.

PROBLEM No. 312.

By ARGO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 440TH.

Played in London some time ago between the Rev. Prof. Wayte and the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell.

White.—(Mr. M.)	Black.—(Prof. W.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to K Kt 4
4. B to B 4	4. B to Kt 2
5. P to B 3	5. P to K R 3
6. P to Q 4	6. P to Q 3
7. Kt to R 3	7. Kt to K 2
8. Q to Kt 3	8. Castles
9. P to K R 4	9. P to Kt 5
10. Q B takes P	10. P takes Kt
11. P takes P	11. Q Kt to B 3
12. R to K Kt sq	12. Kt to R 4
13. Q to B 2	13. Kt takes B
14. Kt takes Kt	14. Kt to Kt 3
15. B to Kt 3	15. P to Q 4
16. Kt to K 3	16. P takes P
17. P takes P	17. Kt takes P
18. Castles	18. Kt to B 6
19. R to R sq	19. Q to Kt 4
20. Q to K B 2	20. B to Kt 5
21. K to Kt sq	21. P to K B 4
22. Kt takes B	22. P takes Kt
23. Q to K 2	23. P to B 3
24. P to Q 5	24. P takes P
25. Q R takes P	25. Q to Kt 3
26. Q to B 4	26. Q R to K sq
27. K to R sq	27. K to R 2
28. R to Q 7	28. R takes P
29. Q to Q B 7	29. K R to K sq
30. P to R 3	30. Kt to K 4
31. R to Q 6	31. Q to B 2
32. Q to B 5	32. B to B sq
33. B to B 2	33. Kt to Q 6
34. Q to K Kt 5	34. R to K 8 (ch)
35. B takes R	35. R takes B (ch)

36. R takes R	36. P takes Q
37. R takes Kt	37. B to B 4
38. P to Q Kt 4	38. B to B 7
39. K R to Q sq	39. P to Kt 6
40. R to Q 7	40. K to Kt 3
41. K R to Q 6 (ch)	41. Q to B 3
42. R to Q 8	42. Q takes R
43. R takes Q (ch)	43. K to R 4

White resigned.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 310.

White.	Black.
1. Kt to Kt 3	1. Kt to Q 4
2. Q to B 6 (ch)	2. K takes Q
3. Kt to Q 4, and mates	

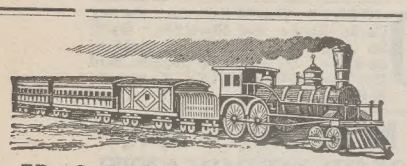
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 308.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K 3	1. P to K Kt 5
2. R to K R 3	2. P takes R
3. Kt mates	

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 309.

White.	Black.
K at Q R 4	K at Q 4
Q at Q Kt 7	
Kt at K 4	
Kt at K Kt 4	
Pawns at K 2	
Q R 6 and Q B 6	

White to play and mate in two moves.



G. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa,	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga	12.10 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome	5.30 p.m.	——	——
Arrive at St. Jerome	7.15 p.m.	——	——
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga	6.45 a.m.	——	——
Arrive at Hochelaga	9.00 a.m.	——	——
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette	5.00 p.m.	——	——
Arrive at Joliette	7.25 p.m.	——	——
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga	6.00 a m.	——	——
Arrive at Hochelaga	8.20 a.m.	——	——

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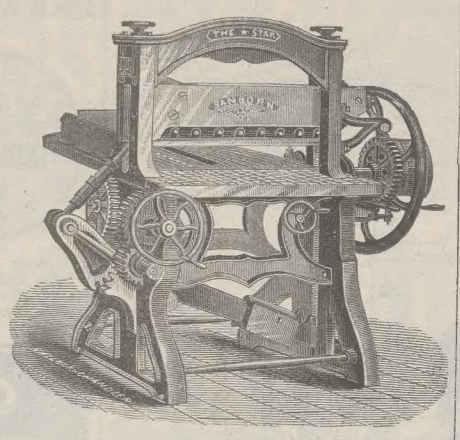

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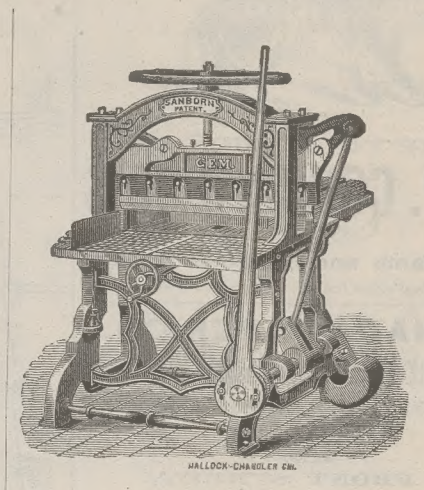

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J. S. HUNTER, Esq., N.P., Director London and Lancashire Life Insurance Company., and the Fire Insurance Association of London, England (Limited), Montreal.
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SOLICITORS: MESSRS. DAVIDSON, MONK & CROSS.
MANAGING DIRECTOR: W. P. LOCKWOOD, Esq.
TREASURER: GEORGE R. GRANT, Esq.
SECRETARY: GEORGE DURNFORD, Esq.

LIABILITY.—The liability is limited to Five Dollars per share under Section 47 of the Canadian Joint Stock Company Act of 1877.

ALLOTMENT OF SHARES.—Allotment will be made when $100,000 is subscribed. All applications for TEN SHARES OR ANY LESS NUMBER WILL BE ALLOTTED IN FULL. Applications for more than ten shares will be allotted in proportion to the total number applied for.

SHAREHOLDERS AND MEMBERS.—All Shareholders can vote at the Company's meetings, and will participate in the profits. A Shareholder may nominate one member free for every ten shares held. *No Shareholder can have more than ten votes.* MEMBERS' TICKETS will be granted on the introduction of a Shareholder and the payment of one dollar a year, entitling the holder to purchase at the stores.

OBJECTS OF THE COMPANY.—The Company is formed for the purpose of establishing CO-OPERATIVE STORES IN CANADA on the same principle as the "Army and Navy," the "Civil Service Supply Association," and others working so successfully in England, to supply Members with all articles for consumption and general use of the purest and best quality at the lowest price, and divide the profits amongst the Shareholders. The Stock will be procured from the most celebrated producers. In order to insure pure goods a competent Analyst will be engaged to examine and test their quality. All goods will be SOLD FOR CASH and the prices charged will accord with those of the *principal London Co operative Stores.* The CAPITAL employed by the Company will enable them to PURCHASE LARGELY and PAY PROMPTLY. *Every facility will be given for the exhibition and sale of goods manufactured in Canada.*

BUSINESS OF THE COMPANY.—The chief place of business and offices of the Company will be in Montreal. Goods will be delivered free in Montreal, and carriage paid to Ottawa and Quebec. A SHIPPING and FORWARDING Department will be opened, where goods will be specially prepared and packed for transit. Reduced rates or allowances will be made for carriage of goods to distant places, and full information given respecting the establishment of local agencies for the delivery of goods.

MANUFACTURERS AND AGENTS, to insure quotation in the Company's catalogues, should forward price lists and particulars at once.

ADVERTISEMENTS may be inserted in the Catalogue by Merchants and others who will offer to Members of the Society a special discount for cash payments on the plan so largely adopted in England.

DEPARTMENTS will be opened as soon as possible for the sale of the following and other goods: Groceries and Provisions, Wines and Spirits, Tobacco and Cigars, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Requisites, Drapery, Hosiery, Lace, Gloves and Haberdashery, Clothing and Woollen Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Travelling Requisites, Portmanteaus, Umbrellas, Rugs, Jewellery, Electro-Plate Cutlery, Stationery and Fancy Goods, Games, Lawn Tennis, &c., China and Glass, Pianos, Musical Instruments, Furniture and Carpets, Bedding, Turnery and Mats, Ironmongery, Agricultural and Gardening Implements.

PROSPECTUSES and forms of application for shares may be had on application to the MOLSONS BANK and their Agencies, and at the COMPANY'S (TEMPORARY) OFFICES, 184 St. James Street, Montreal.

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It is a well-known fact that Coffee roasted in the ordinary manner and not placed in air-tight receptacles, is greatly deteriorated by evaporation of the aromatic particles, and as this process goes on for months afterwards, the result is apparent to every one.

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Being roasted and ground in a Patent Apparatus, packed in Glass Jars while hot and then hermetically sealed; by this process not a particle of the Aroma is lost.

It is much stronger, for the reason that it is roasted higher, after the manner of the French. They put no water with it while in the process of roasting, as is universally done to save weight.

It is more economical, as two-thirds of this is equivalent to one pound of the other Coffee.

It is clarified, has a beautiful colour, the flavour is delicious, wholesome and invigorating.

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